THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1802.

SKETCH
OF
MADAME BONAPARTE.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.*

To give society its highest taste,
Well order'd home man's best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life—
This be the female dignity and praise!

THOMSON.

AMONGST the series of biographical portraits given at different times in our miscellany, the reader may observe that we have

* We have been favored with a miniature by a correspondent lately returned from France, from which the annexed engraving has been faithfully copied. It has met the approbation of many gentlemen to whom the person of Madame Bonaparte is no stranger, more particularly a gentleman just returned from *Rouen*, who pronounces it a fine like-

studied variety. The hero, the legislator, and the man of science have in turn passed beneath our review: the exploits of the first, the plans of the second, and the discoveries of the last have been recorded with fidelity. We are conscious of no particular bias—we disclaim every species of partiality. We have stated facts and endeavoured to draw from them the instruction which seemed best calculated to promote the welfare of mankind. Nor have we withheld our labours from the delineation of the *female character*, with all its fascinating accomplishments. Entertaining a predilection for the fair sex, we have contended for their importance in the scale of society, and have pointed out the several ways in which they contribute to our felicity—we have assigned them the eulogium to which they are entitled.

The present subject of our memoirs, MADAME BONAPARTE, is by name well known to the public. Her situation in life may be pronounced of that distinguished cast which is worthy of our attention. Indeed we have to regret that we know so few particulars concerning her. Being the *wife* of the FIRST CONSUL of France, we feel an interest in her history, though respecting that history our curiosity (through the scantiness of our materials) can receive little gratification.

---

ness. Our readers will therefore be able to form some idea of this elevated character, if any confidence can be placed in physiognomy.

This lady was first married to Monsieur Beauhairnais, by whom she had two children, a son and a daughter: they are now living, and scarcely of age. The son is a superior officer on the staff, and has distinguished himself in the army: he is of small stature, but full of spirit. Bonaparte, upon his return from the battle of Marengo, informed his lady with peculiar emphasis, that *her* son was well, and had acquitted himself with uncommon courage and ability!—The daughter is a fine young woman, and she was lately married to *Joseph Bonaparte*, brother to the consul—a person well known as sustaining distinguished offices under the French government. At what time Madame Bonaparte became widow we cannot tell, but we have been assured that her husband fell a victim to the revolution. It is not indeed in our power to determine the precise manner after which he perished, though no doubt can be entertained that his blood was spilt on the altar of democratic tyranny. The charms and accomplishments of this amiable woman soon procured her a second husband, who was no other than the present FIRST CONSUL of France. They were united together whilst he was an officer in the French army; of course she must have felt a proportionate pleasure in the subsequent distinctions by which her partner has been characterised; at the same time, what anxieties must have agitated her bosom—how must her affectionate soul have followed him amidst the dangers to which he was every mo-

ment exposed! It is easier to be conceived than described.

Her *illustrious spouse*, however, has now reached the highest honors that the people of France can bestow; of these she must partake with peculiar cheerfulness. From the deserts of Egypt he has returned in safety: it is therefore her present province to sooth the anxieties and mitigate the cares which unavoidably attend his exalted station. The gratifications of an inordinate ambition are not to be put in the balance along with the real enjoyments of domestic felicity.

By way of conclusion, we shall make an extract from a respectable print; it relates to *Bonaparte*'s recent visit to Rouen, whither MADAME BONAPARTE accompanied him.

Rouen, October 31, 1802.

The First Consul arrived here yesterday, accompanied by MADAME BONAPARTE. He was escorted by a party of the consular guard, joined by the Rouen volunteers, and received by the prefect of the department at the head of the constituted civil and military authorities, at the entrance of the Cours de Paris, amidst the discharge of cannon and ringing of bells. All the public bodies and functionaries who were presented to the First Consul were also presented to MADAME BONAPARTE, who received them with that *mildness* and *affability* which so eminently characterises the person to whom they come forward to pay the homage of their respect. The ladies of the public func-

tionaries were also presented to her, and the First Consul himself took an opportunity of conversing with each of them. A variety of addresses were made to MADAME BONAPARTE: that of the Archbishop of Rouen is worth insertion, on account of its peculiarity.

"MADAM,

"The custom we follow, in presenting ourselves before you, is become the duty of inclination and sentiment. The clergy whom I have the honor of introducing to you will always harbour for you the same respect and adoration with which their head is animated. They pray to Heaven that you may long continue to constitute the happiness of the few whom France so kindly cherishes; and that God may preserve the *illustrious scyon* which it hath pleased him to vouchsafe to our desires and our wishes!"

The editor of the print then appropriately adds—"In this address of the ARCHBISHOP of ROUEN to MADAME BONAPARTE there is a curious passage, which seems to allude to the birth of the son of *Madame Louis Bonaparte* as a child of great promise. It seems as if it were expected to be the successor of the CONSUL, for why should Madame Bonaparte's grandson be the *scyon* given to the wishes and vows of the clergy of Rouen? If this proves any thing, it proves either the wretched sycophancy of the clergy, or the anxiety of the country for the establishment of some recognised line of succession."

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 68.

CIVILIZED WAR,

A POEM.

BY JOSEPH FAWCETT.

Bella horrida bella. VIRGIL.

THE author of this ingenious production here endeavours to expose the horrors of WAR, and has thrown out a variety of considerations calculated to hold up the monster in his genuine colours! He mentions its being decorated with trophies and attractions bestowed upon it by *civilized* man; but these he without ceremony strips off, and exhibits it naked and deformed to the scorn and derision of the world. Happy would it be could a proper detestation of so enormous an evil be raised in the breast of every individual of the great family of mankind.

The poet opens with an address to *Life*, which *war* consigns to destruction:—

Life, thou strange thing! that hast a power to feel
Thou art, and to perceive that others are!
Most curtain'd secret! whose thick veil of shade
Baffles our reason's vainly struggling light!
Thou busy mystery—curious mechanism,
Thou canst or move, or stop, as choice ordains,
Whose spring is spirit, and whose action will!

In the next page we meet with the following animated exclamation respecting the enormity of war, expressed in a high tone of indignation:—

Push'd by what demon is the hand that dares
To quench thy flame, where the all-quick'ning breath
Hath up to reason blown it? Where thy fire
Hath pow'r to mount to virtue's glorious blaze—
That dares arrest the rolling of that eye
O'er all surrounding things that curious roves,
That loves the sky, uplifts its look sublime,
The stars peruses, and can clearly read
In nature's ample volume, round it spreads,
In splendid letters writ, the NAME DIVINE!

Mr. F. then describes the astonishment which must have seized the spectator of Abel's dead body, and expresses his horror that this diffusion of death, by means of war, should be a matter of indifference among civilized nations.

He then paints a number of statesmen meditating the destruction of the human race:—

See yon pavillion'd council sitting round,
In calm and solemn ring! emitting all
Their minds' confederated rays, that stream
In the same line, and on the same object fall.
Say, wherefore form'd this intellectual league,
With light collective luminous? To frame
Some fair harmonious plan of general weal,
With legislative wisdom? or explore,
With philosophic amity of soul,
The secrets bounded science thirsts to find?
No—not for this the reasoning circle meets—
Yon tent is the dire cabinet of death!
Insatiate monarch! with the scythe of time

Unsatisfied, that craves the assistant sword!
Those are his ministers! in ruin, wise
Sages of havoc—devastation's seers—
Professors of destruction!

An illumination on account of a victory is next the subject of the poet's animadversions; he reprobates the very cause of exultation, and shews its wickedness and folly. Take the following character, drawn by the hand of a master:—

But here comes one that seems to out-rejoice
All the rejoicing tribe! Wild is her look,
And frantic is her air, and fanciful
Her sable dress; and round she hurrying rolls
Her beauteous eyes upon the spangled street,
And drinks with eager gaze the spakling scene;
And see, she cries, how they have grac'd the hour
That gave him to his grave! Hail, glorious lamps,
A grateful land, in honor of that hour,
Hath hung aloft! And sure he well deserves
The tributary splendor—for he fought
Their battles well—oh, he was valour's self,
Brave as a lion was my Henry's heart,
Fierce was the look with which he awed the foe;
But on his Harriet when my hero bent it,
'Twas so benign! and beautiful he was,
And he was young, too young in years to die:
'Twas but a little while his wing had thrown
It's guardian shadow o'er me—But 'tis gone,
Fall'n is my shield! Yet see now, if I weep—
(A British warrior's widow should not weep)
Her hero sleeps in honor's fragrant bed,
So they all tell me, and I've nobly learn'd
Their gallant lesson—all my tears are gone,
Bright glory's beams has dried them every drop.
No, no, I scorn to weep—high is mine heart,

Hot are mine eyes—there is no weak water there!
'Tis true, I should have joy'd—what mother would not?
To have shewn him that sweet babe o'er which he wept.
When last he kiss'd it—yes, he did—he wept—
My warrior wept, as the fond woman's tears!
From off this cheek, where none I now can feel,
He kiss'd away, he wet it with his own.
O yet, it would, 'twould have been sweet t'have shewn him
How his dear lovely boy had grown since he
Beheld it cradl'd, and t'have heard it call him
By the dear name that I had taught it to utter
In softest tones, while he was thunder hearing
And thunder hurling round him—for his hand
Would not be idle amid deeds of glory!
Yes, glory, glory, glory is the word!
See how it glitters all along the street!——
And then she laughs, and wildly leaps along,
With tresses all untied. Fair wretch, adieu!
In mercy, Heav'n, thy shatter'd peace repair!

What a picture is this of the misery occasioned by war—what heart bleeds not at the recollection of such distraction!

Referring to past history, he exclaims:—

Protracted tragedy! as long as deep!
Whose unspent horror thro' all time hath spun
The harrowing tale! O'er history's lengthening course
The vein of persevering fury runs;
And he that read its pages, justly calls them
Records of slaughter—chronicles of blood!

On the incongruity of the appellation, *Civilized War*, we meet with the following strong lines:—

Civilized war! how strangely pair'd these terms
Must strike on pensive rumination's ear!
Civilized war! say, did the mouth of man,
Fantastic marriers of unsuited words,
Two so unmatch'd, so much each other's hate,
With force tyrannic, ere together yoke?
Civilized war! *Thanks*, gentle Europe! thanks,
For having dress'd the monster's hideous form,
And veil'd his roughness in so soft a name,
That tender souls of weak hysteric frame,
Might hear with less of tremor *he is loose!*

The poet then expresses his abhorrence of war, as inconsistent with every species of urbanity. This idea take in the following satirical lines:—

Urbanity and battle!—manners smooth
And ruffian actions!—thorns that deeply pierce
And beautifully flower!—soft courtly camps,
That kill and smile, and smile and kill again!

The remaining part of the poem we refer to the succeeding number of our miscellany. In the mean time, we hope our readers will remark the strength and beauty of the extracts we have given—every sensible and feeling mind must befriend humanity. But *civilized war* is an evil to which we are so accustomed, that we are not apprised of its enormity. Its consequences however, are seriously to be deprecated; and we trust, that for the present peace, with all its attendant blessings, we shall indulge the most fervent gratitude!

Islington. J. E.

EXTRACTS FROM
YOUNG ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

Addressed to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

(Continued from page 173.)

INCENTIVES TO ORIGINALITY.

WHAT glory to come near, what glory to reach, what glory (presumptuous thought!) to surpass our predecessors!—And is that then in nature absolutely impossible; or is it not rather contrary to nature to fail in it? Nature herself sets the ladder, all wanting is our ambition to climb; for by the bounty of nature we are as strong as our predecessors, and by the favor of time (which is but another round in nature's scale) we stand on higher ground. As to the first, were they more than men, or are we less? Are not our minds cast in the same mould with those before the flood? The flood affected matter, mind escaped. As to the second, though we are moderns, the world is an ancient—more ancient far than when they whom they most admire filled it with their fame. Have we not their beauties, as stars, to guide; their defects, as rocks, to be shunned; the judgment of ages on both, as a chart, to conduct, and a sure helm to steer us in our passage to greater perfection than theirs?

And shall we be stopt in our rival pretensions to fame by this just reproof?

ENERGY OF GENIUS.

Rome was a powerful ally to many states: ancient authors are our powerful allies; but we must take heed they do not succour till they enslave, after the manner of Rome. Too formidable an idea of their superiority, like a spectre, would fright us out of a proper use of our wits, and dwarf our understanding by making a giant of theirs. Too great awe for them lays genius under restraint, and denies it that free scope, that full elbow-room, which is requisite for striking its most masterly strokes. Genius is a master workman; learning is but an instrument, and an instrument, though most valuable, yet not always indispensible. Heaven will not admit of a partner in the accomplishment of some favorite spirits, but rejecting all human means, assumes the whole to itself. Have not some, though not famed for erudition, so written as almost to persuade us that they shone brighter, and soared higher, for escaping the boasted aid of that proud ally?

GENIUS AND LEARNING.

What, for the most part, mean we by genius, but the power of accomplishing great things without the means generally reputed necessary to that end? A genius differs from a good understanding as a magician from a good architect: that raises his structure by means invisible; this by the skilful use of common tools.

Hence genius has ever been supposed to partake of something divine. *Nemo unquam vir magnus fuit, sine aliquo afflatu divino.*

Learning, destitute of this superior aid, is fond and proud of what has cost it much pains, is a great lover of rules and boaster of famed examples: as beauties less perfect, who owe half their charms to cautious art, learning inveighs against natural unstudied graces and small harmless inaccuracies, and sets rigid bounds to that liberty to which genius often owes its supreme glory, but the no-genius its frequent ruin—for unprescribed beauties and unexampled excellence (which are characteristics of genius) lie without the pale of learning's authority and laws; which pale genius must leap to come at them: but by that leap, if genius is wanting, we break our necks, we lose that little credit which possibly we have enjoyed before; for rules, like crutches, are a needful aid to the lame, though an impediment to the strong: a Homer cast them away, and (like his Achilles)—

Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat,

by native force of mind. There is something in poetry beyond prose-reason; there are mysteries in it not to be explained, but admired, which render mere prose-men infidels to their divinity. And here pardon a second paradox, viz. "Genius often then deserves most to be praised when it is most sure to be condemned, that is, when its excellence, from mounting high, to weak eyes is quite out of sight."

If I might speak farther of learning and genius, I would compare genius to virtue, and learning to riches: as riches are most wanted where there is least virtue, so learning where there is least genius. As virtue without much riches can give happiness, so genius without much learning can give renown. As it is said in Terence "*Pecuniam negligere interdum maximum est lucrum,*" so to a neglect of learning genius sometimes owes its greater glory—genius, therefore, leaves but the second place, among men of letters, to the learned. It is their merit and ambition to fling light on the works of genius, and point out its charms. We most justly reverence their informing radiance for thatfavor, but we must much more admire the radiant stars pointed out by them.

A star of the first magnitude among the moderns was Shakespeare; among the ancients, Pindar, who (as Vossius tells us) boasted of his no-learning, calling himself the eagle, for his flight above it. And such genii as these may indeed have much reliance on their own native powers: for genius may be compared to the natural strength of the body, learning to the superinduced accoutrements of arms; if the first is equal to the proposed exploit, the latter rather incumbers than assists, rather retards than promotes the victory. "*Sacer nobis inest Deus,*" says Seneca. With regard to the moral world, conscience; with regard to the intellectual, genius is that god within. Genius can set us right in composition without the rules of the learned, as conscience sets us right in life with-

out the laws of the land; this, singly, can make us good, as men; that, singly, as writers, can sometimes make us great.

SHAKESPEARE AND SWIFT.

Of genius there are two species, an earlier and a later, or call them infantine and adult. An adult genius comes out of nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature: Shakespear's genius was of this kind; on the contrary, Swift stumbled at the threshold, and set out for distinction on feeble knees; he was an infantine genius, a genius which, like other infants, must be nursed and educated, or it will come to nought; learning is its nurse and guide; but this nurse may over-lay with an indigested load, which smothers common sense; and this tutor may mislead with pedantic prejudice, which vitiates the best understanding. As too great admirers of the fathers of the church have sometimes set up their authority against the true sense of scripture, so too great admirers of the classical fathers have sometimes set up their authority, or example, against reason.

BIBLE.

I know but one book that can justify our implicit acquiescence in it: and (by the way) on that book a noble disdain of undue deference to prior opinion has lately cast, and is still casting, a new and inestimable light.

LEARNING AND GENIUS ESTIMATED.

By the praise of genius we detract not from learning; we detract not from the value of gold by saying that diamond is greater still.—He who disregards learning, shows that he wants its aid; and he that overvalues it, shows that its aid has done him harm. Overvalued indeed it cannot be, if genius, as to composition, is valued more. Learning we thank, genius we revere; that gives us pleasure, this gives us rapture; that informs, this inspires, and is itself inspired—for genius is from Heaven, learning from man; this sets us above the low and illiterate, that above the learned and polite. Learning is borrowed knowledge, genius is knowledge innate and quite our own; therefore, as Bacon observes, it may take a nobler name, and be called wisdom, in which sense of wisdom some are born wise.

CAUTION RESPECTING GENIUS.

I have called genius wisdom, but let it be remembered that in the most renowned ages of the most refined wisdom (and theirs is not christian) "the world by wisdom knew not God, and it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save those that believed." In the fairy-land of fancy genius may wander wild; there it has a creative power, and may reign arbitrarily over its own empire of chimeras. The wide field of nature also lies open before it, where it may reign unconfined, make what discoveries it can, and sport with its infinite ob-

jects uncontrouled as far as visible nature extends, painting them as wantonly as it will: but what painter of the most unbounded and exalted genius can give us the true portrait of a seraph? He can give us only what by his own or others eyes has been seen, though that indeed infinitely compounded, raised, burlesqued, dishonored, or adored. In like manner, who can give us divine truth unrevealed? Much less should any presume to set aside divine truth, when revealed, as incongruous to their own sagacities.

(To be continued in our next.)

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING a subscriber to your valuable miscellany, I have frequently been much pleased with the perusal of it, which has afforded me a solace of mind, in the bosom of my family, known only to those who experience the happiness of domestic society. Among your late improvements, I am decidedly of opinion that the juvenile department must be of infinite importance to the rising generation: under this impression, allow me to request your attention for a moment to the relation of an event, in which your readers in general must feel considerable interest.

A FRIEND TO THE VISITOR.

In the neighbourhood of Hackney there lately lived a child possessed of very extraordinary attainments, whose name was Thomas Williams Malkin, of respectable parents, but was cut off at the early age of six years and nine months. However extraordinary as it may appear, it is no more so than true, and can be attested by good authority, that the most amiable manners, united to superior talents, were never more eminently distinguished than in the youth whose memoirs form the subject of the present article. His knowledge of the English language was correct and copious; and his expression, whether in speaking or writing, remarkable as well for fertility as selection. In the Latin he had proceeded so far as to read with ease the more popular parts of Cicero's works. He had made some progress in French; and was so thorough a proficient in geography as not only to be able, when questioned, to particularize the situation of the principal countries, cities, rivers, &c. but to draw maps from memory, with a neatness and accuracy which would scarcely be credited but by those who are in possession of the specimens. Without any professional assistance, he had acquired considerable execution in the art of drawing: and some of his copies, though wanting the precision of the academic students, evinced a fellow-feeling with the style and sentiment of the originals, which seemed likely, had he pursued it, to have ranked him with the more eminent professors of the art.

But the most striking feature in his character was a strength of intellect, and rapidity of comprehension on all subjects, independent of those to which his studies were immediately directed, which increasing with his growth, seemed likely in manhood to have placed more within his reach than falls to the lot of humanity to grasp at. He united, in a remarkable manner, the solid and the brilliant; for the powers of his memory kept pace with those of his understanding, and the character of his mind may be comprised in these few but comprehensive words—that he remembered whatever he had once known, and could do whatever he had once seen done.

It may not here be uninteresting to particularise the periods of his short life, at which the leading traits of his character first presented themselves to observation. He was familiar with the alphabet long before he could speak, not only as exhibited on counters, a practice very judicious, because very enticing to children, but as expressed in books, to which, from seeing them constantly about him, he shewed a very early partiality. At the age of three years, on his birth-day, he wrote his first letter to his mother, and though it contained nothing but short expressions of affection, he soon afterwards began to write in a stile and on subjects to which childhood is a total stranger: and this practice of writing his sentiments on all subjects he persevered in with a continually increasing expansion and improvement, both as to matter and manner, which we regret that our limits

will not allow us to authenticate by specimens. At the time of which we are speaking, three years old, he could not only read and spell with unfailing accuracy, but knew the Greek characters, and would have attempted the language had not the caution of his parents, in this instance, discouraged the forwardness of his inclination. When he was five, he had made considerable advances in Latin, as well as in all the other studies which he pursued so successfully for nearly two years longer. His study of Latin in particular was far removed from that mechanical routine by which scholars of more advanced age too frequently proceed. His comparison of the idiom and construction of those of his own and the French languages, his acuteness in tracing the etymology, and detecting the component parts of words, hunting them through English and French, and inquiring the forms they assumed in Greek and Italian, with which he was unacquainted, proved him to have possessed a mind peculiarly calculated for philological enquiries. Nor was his attention confined to words; he never passed over any passage, the stile of which was obscure or difficult, without such an explanation as satisfied his doubts; nor did he suffer errors of the press, even the trifling ones of punctuation, to escape, without detecting and correcting them with a pencil he kept for the purpose. Notwithstanding these studious inclinations, he was a child of manly corporeal structure, of unusual liveliness and activity. He was by no means grave in his disposition, except in the

pursuit of knowledge, from which, however, active sports were generally successful in detaching him: but the bane of all improvement, both of mind and body, indolence and the habit of lounging, were totally excluded from the catalogue of his pleasures.

As mere description, however, unassisted by anecdote, seldom conveys a lively and accurate idea of character, it will not, we hope, be thought impertinent to mention an observation or two, which may serve to illustrate the turn of his mind. On being told by a lady that she would send for him the following day, when he should draw as much as he pleased, he said, "I wish to-morrow would come directly."—After a short pause, he added, "Where can to-morrow be *now?* It must be somewhere, for every thing is in some place." After a little further reflection, he said, "Perhaps to-morrow is in the sun." On meeting with the following aphorism—"Learning not so much esteemed by wise men as it is despised by fools," he said, "I think the person who wrote that sentence was himself very foolish, for wise men esteem learning as much as possible, and fools cannot despise it more."

But the most singular instance in which he displayed fertility of imagination, united with the power of making every thing he met with in books and conversation his own, was his invention of an imaginary country called Allestone, of which he considered himself as king. It resembled Utopia, though he had never heard of that celebrated political romance. Of

this country he wrote the history, and drew a most curious and ingenious map, giving names of his own invention to the principal cities, mountains, rivers, &c. And as learning was always the object of his highest respect, he endowed it most liberally with universities, to which he appointed professors by name, with numerous statutes and regulations, which would have reflected no disgrace on graver founders.

But though in the progress of his short life he was continually employed in laying up stores of knowledge, apparently for purposes which (the event proved) were never to be fulfilled, his last illness, which he supported with a patience and fortitude the most unexampled, amply evinced that he knew how to apply the treasures which he had acquired to the solace and relief of his own mind, under circumstances of trial and suffering. He frequently beguiled the tedious hours of a sick bed with the recollection of what he had read, seen, or done in the days of health: and little points of interest or information, which might have been supposed to have made a transient impression, were as much present to his mind as when they first engaged his attention. When a blister had been applied to his stomach, he observed, that from the appearance of it he supposed it corresponded with what he had seen called a cataplasm: and one day, when he was at the worst, he desired to know the meaning of the phrase "a still-born child," which he had once seen in an inscription on a tombstone, though he said the inscription itself was too poor to be worth

remembering. He often talked of the period of his recovery, but never with impatience; and the triumph of mind over body continued so complete to the last, that he looked with interest and pleasure at his dissected maps within half an hour of his dissolution.

Without entering with unnecessary minuteness into the nature of his disorder, it will be interesting to parents in general to be informed, that it afforded no confirmation of the common idea, that early expansion of intellect is unfavorable to the continuance of life. In consequence of the remarkable form of his head, which had been much admired, especially by artists, some doubts had been suggested, that rendered it desirable to have the head as well as body examined. From the result of this investigation it appeared that the brain was unusually large, and in the most perfect state: that the disorder, as it was uniformly considered to have been, was in the stomach, and had received all the relief that medical skill and the most anxious attention could afford: and that there was more than ordinary probability, from the vigor of his constitution, and the well-proportioned formation of his body, of his arriving at manhood, but for one of those accidents in the system, to which the old and young, the healthy and infirm, are equally exposed.

His illness lasted from the first to the thirty-first of July—a period which, under such severe sufferings, none but a naturally strong patient could have reached. On the morning of the thirty-first his medical friends, Dr. Lister

and Mr. Toulmin saw him, and conversed with him, and he with them, after their usual manner; and though they had given little or no encouragement for many days, they did not, on their last visit, such was the collected state of his mind and strength of his spirits, apprehend his dissolution to be so near. Soon after eleven o'clock he appeared much exhausted, his breathing became very difficult, and his voice, which through his illness had been strong and clear, began to falter. Still, however, he was firm and composed, without the slightest appearance of dissatisfaction or alarm: he talked at intervals with the most perfect consistency, with his accustomed powers, and usual kindness for those about him, till he could no longer utter a sound. In a few minutes after he had ceased to articulate, and a little before twelve o'clock, he sunk without a struggle or a groan, exciting more admiration under circumstances from which human nature is apt to revolt, than when in the full career of mental and bodily improvement.

Thus ends this short history of a child, whose mind, though his years were few, seemed to have arrived at maturity. His powers of understanding, of memory, of imagination, were all remarkable; and the reasonableness of his mind was such, that he always yielded his own to the wishes of his friends, as much from conviction as compliance; his dispositions were as generous and amiable as his talents were brilliant and universal: and there can be little doubt, that in after-life, whether he had devoted

the powers of his mind to the fine arts, to belles-lettres, or the severer studies, his success would have been pre-eminent, and would have placed him, in the estimation of the wise, whatever might have been his external condition, high in the catalogue of worthy and useful members of society.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN
SIR FRANCIS BURDETT AND DR. PARR.

THE distinguished writers of the two following letters may be assured that, in taking the liberty of laying their recent correspondence before the public, we are influenced by any motives rather than those of personal disrespect to them: it is because we should think it an injustice to the public, and an injury on the one side to a noble generosity, on the other, to the cause of genius, learning, and virtue, that we really feel ourselves wholly unable to withhold from our readers a circumstance in all points of view so admirable and so exemplary:—

SIR,

I AM sorry that it is not in my power to place you in a situation which would become you—I mean in the episcopal palace at Bugden: but I can bring you very near to it, for I have the presentation to a rectory now vacant, within a mile and a half of it, which is very

much at Dr. Parr's service—it is the rectory of Graffham, at present worth two hundred pounds a year, and, as I am informed, may soon be worth two hundred and seventy; and I at this moment learn that the incumbent died last Tuesday.

Dr. Parr's talents and character might well entitle him to better patronage than this, from those who know how to estimate his merits; but I acknowledge that a great additional motive with me to the offer I now make him, is, that I believe I cannot do any thing more pleasing to his friends, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Knight; and I desire you, Sir, to consider yourself obliged to them only.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
With the greatest respect,
Your obedient servant,
FRANCIS BURDETT.

Vicarage-house, Bugden, Sept. 26, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER rambling to various parts of Norfolk, I went to Cambridge, and from Cambridge I yesterday came to the parsonage of my most respectable friend, Mr. Maltby, at Bugden, where I this morning had the honor of receiving your letter. Mrs. Parr opened it last Friday at Hatton, and I trust that you will pardon the liberty she took in desiring your servant to convey it to me in Huntingdonshire, where she knew that I should be, as upon this day.

Permit me, dear Sir, to request that you would accept the warmest and most sincere thanks of my heart for this unsolicited, but most honorable expression of your good will towards me. Nothing can be more important to my worldly interest than the service you have done me, in presenting to me the living of Graffham. Nothing can be more exquisitely gratifying to my very best feelings than the language in which you have conveyed to me this mark of your friendship. Indeed, dear Sir, you have enabled me to pass the years of declining life in confortable and honorable independence.—You have given me additional and unalterable conviction, that the firmness with which I have adhered to my principles has obtained for me the approbation of wise and good men; and when that approbation assumes, as it now does, the form of protection, I fairly confess to you, that the patronage of Sir Francis Burdett has a right to be ranked among the proudest, as well as the happiest events of my life. I trust that my future conduct will justify you in the disinterested and generous gift which you have bestowed upon me: and sure I am that my friends Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Knight, will not only share with me in my joy, but sympathize with me in those sentiments of respect and gratitude which I shall ever feel towards Sir Francis Burdett.

Most assuredly I shall myself set a higher value upon your kindness, when I consider it as intended to gratify the friendly feelings of

these excellent men, as well as to promote my own personal happiness.

I shall wait your pleasure about the presentation; and I beg leave to add, that I shall stay at Bugden for one week only, and shall have reached Hatton about this day fortnight, where I shall obey your commands. One circumstance, I am sure, will give you great satisfaction, and therefore I shall beg leave to state it. The living of Graffham will be of infinite value to me, because it is tenable with a rectory I now have in Northamptonshire; and happy I am that my future residence will be fixed and my existence closed upon that spot where Sir Francis Burdett has given me the power of spending my old age with comforts and conveniencies, quite equal to the extent of my fondest wishes, and far surpassing any expectations I have hitherto ventured to indulge.

I have the honor to be,
With the greatest respect,
And most unfeigned thankfulness,
Dear Sir,
Your very obedient faithful servant,

S. PARR.*

* In No. 43 *(old series)* of our miscellany, will be found a fine portrait of Dr. Parr, with memoirs of his life.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF NEWSPAPERS

IN GREAT BRITAIN.

(Continued from page 162.)

BUTTER, the active newsmonger of the times, was influenced by his interest to tell

> "News, old news, and such news as you never heard of."

He was thus induced to convert his Weekly News into half-yearly news; and he published the German Intelligencer in 1630, and the Swedish Intelligencer in 1631. He had for his compiler, William Watts, of Caius college, of whom it may be said that he was educated for other labours; and of whom Vossius speaks as *doctissimus et clarissimus Watsius, qui optime de historia meruit.* He was born near Lynn, in Norfolk, of I know not what parentage. After being transplanted from the banks of the Cam to the groves of Oxford, he travelled into several countries, says Anthony Wood, and became master of divers languages. He was, on his return, after the accession of Charles I. made one of the king's chaplains, and was preferred successively to livings and dignities in the church; and adhering manfully to the king's cause, he was sequestered, plundered, and left without a shelter for his wife and children. He was carried by his courage and resentment

into the field with Prince Rupert, during the hardiest of his exploits; and died in 1649, on l oa d his fleet, in the harbour of Kinsale. He had an especial hand, says Wood, in Sir Henry Spelman's glossary; he edited Matthew Paris; and, exclusive of other treatises, he published, before the civil wars of England began, several numbers of new books in the English tongue (more than forty), containing the occurrences done in the wars between the King of Sweden and the Germans. William Watts may therefore be deemed the Gallo-Belgicus of England.

We are now came, by a regular progress, to that memorable epoch in the English history,

"When civil dudgeon first grew high."

Each party, whether political or religious, now hoped to gain their object, by spreading their pretensions. From this source the nation was over-run with tracts of every size and of various denominations: hence the Diurnal, which continued its hebdomadal round, notwithstanding the ridicule of Cleveland, from 1640 to 1660: and hence too the different Mercuries which were sent abroad, to inflame by their vehemence, or to conciliate by their wit; to convince by their argument, or to delude by their sophistry. Many of them were written with extraordinary talents, and published with uncommon courage. The great writer of Mercuries was Marchmont Needham, who was born in 1620, and was educated at Oxford; who assumed all the colours of the camelion during those contentious times; and being discharged

from writing public intelligence by the council of state, in March, 1660, he was allowed to live, at the restoration; till at length, says Anthony Wood, this most seditious, mutable, and railing author died suddenly in Devereux-Court, in November, 1678.

When hostilities commenced, every event, during a most eventful period, had its own historian, who communicated news from Hull, truths from York, warranted tidings from Ireland, and special passages from several places. These were all occasional papers. Impatient, however, as a distracted people were for information, the news were never distributed daily. The various newspapers were published weekly at first; but in the progress of events, and in the ardor of curiosity, they were distributed twice or thrice in every week. Such were the French Intelligencer, the Dutch Spie, the Irish Mercurie, the Scots Dove, the Parliament Kite, and the Secret Owl. Mercurius Acheronticus brought them hebdomadal news from Hell, Mercurius Democritus communicated wonderful news from the world in the moon, the Laughing Mercurie gave perfect news from the antipodes, and Mercurius Mastix faithfully lashed all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and other intelligencers.

Amid this clamour of contradiction, this activity of ridicule, this tumult of laughter, Scotland was not neglected: as early as 1642, there were published at London the Scots Scout's Discoveries. On the 30th of September, 1643, appeared the Scots Intelligencer, or the weekly

News from Scotland and the Court. On the same day flew abroad the Scots Dove:

> "Our Dove tells newses from the king,
> And of harmonious letters sing."

In 1664, arrived weekly, Intelligence from the South borders of Scotland. Mercurius Scotius appeared in 1651; and, in the subsequent year, was given out the Theme, or Scoto-Presbyter, which, with admirable ridicule, inquires, "Whether it be not as little dishonorable for the Scots to be conquered by the English in 1652, as to have been these twelve years past slaves to the covenant." All these papers were assuredly published at London either to gratify private interest, or to promote public measures, though some of them are mistakingly supposed to have been printed at Edinburgh.

It is a remarkable fact (which history was either too idle to ascertain, or too much ashamed to relate) that the arms of Cromwell communicated to Scotland, with other benefits, the first newspaper which had ever illuminated the gloom or dispelled the fanaticism of the north. Each army carried its own printer with it, expecting either to convince by its reasoning, or to delude by its falsehood. King Charles carried Robert Barker with him to Newcastle in 1639; and General Cromwell conveyed Christopher Higgins to Leith, in 1652. When Cromwell had here established a citadel, Higgins re-printed in November, 1652, what had been already published at London—a Diurnal of some Passages and Affairs

for the information of the English soldiers.—Mercurius Politicus was first reprinted at Leith, on the 26th of October, 1653. The reprinting of it was transferred to Edinburgh, in November, 1654, where it continued to be published till the 11th of April, 1660, and was then reprinted under the name Mercurius Publicus.

The time was, however, at hand, when Scotland was to enjoy the luxury of a newspaper which was of Scottish manufacture. On the 31st of December, 1660, appeared at Edinburgh Mercurius Caledonius, comprising the affairs in agitation in Scotland, with a survey of foreign intelligence. It was a son of the Bishop of Orkney, Thomas Sydferfe, who now thought he had the wit to amuse, the knowledge to instruct, and the address to captivate the lovers of news in Scotland. But he was only able, with all his powers, to extend his publication to ten numbers, which were very loyal, very illiterate, and very affected.

Even after the restoration, the newspapers which were published by authority at London, continued to be reprinted at Edinburgh, though not by the hand of Higgins. The Mercurius Publicus was here published, till it was superseded by the Kingdom's Intelligencer, which still retailed the news of London to the people of Scotland.

In the annals of our literature and our freedom, it is a memorable fact, that there was not a newspaper printed in Scotland at the æra of the revolution. The few had doubtless instructed themselves, during several years, from the Lon-

don Gazette; and the many had been too busy, during the late times, with the affairs of the other world to be very anxious about the events of this. Yet were the estates of Scotland, who assembled at Edinburgh on the 14th of March, 1689, and the mobs which outraged on that occasion both law and religion, sufficiently inflamed without the agency of a newspaper.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A NEW MODE OF HANGING RECOMMENDED.

A LETTER

From a Gentleman in the Country to a Friend in Town, intimating his Intention to visit him.

Not improper to be read in the *gloomy months of November and December*, when Englishmen are said to *hang themselves*.

L——r, Nov. 28, 1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THINKING it might surprise you, if not previously warned, I just apprise you of my melancholy intention. If alive and well, I purpose to *hang myself*——upon you, next Thursday! Be assured I write not to prevent but to accomplish my purpose. Tell friend J—— that he will feel a part of my weight, for I shall make a cross beam of him, while you shall be the upright post. I have no doubt of

your both being good timber, for I should be really sorry to find you rotten, and let me down.

It is possible I may make some use of brother E——, T——, and several others, who I have no doubt will cheerfully lend their assistance. I beg you will make my kindest respects to them, if you see them previous to my arrival. Your good lady, and your household at large, have my most cordial regard. I have but little time now to say much, but hope, when I see you face to face, to say more, and, what will be more interesting, to hear what *you* say. At present, farewell—may every blessing attend you!

I am, dear friend,
Yours most affectionately,
D——.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

Gentlemen,

PRESUMING that the following interesting narrative of a young woman who ultimately became a victim to the singular propensity of swallowing pins and needles, may serve as a caution to some of your young readers, I take the trouble of transmitting it, not doubting that it may be considered worthy of your attention.

I am, gentlemen,
Your friend, &c.

October 27, 1802. W, H.

GENEVEVE PULE, a sempstress, was born at Grenoble, in 1768, with a constitution weak and irritable. When she was thirteen years old, she was alarmed by the false intelligence of her father having perished under the ruins of a house. This relation excited severe affliction, but she did not then shew any signs of derangement of intellect. The next day, at noon, her father, perfectly well, suddenly appeared before her; the surprise was so great, and the transport so powerful, that she instantly fainted. This emotion produced an immediate suffusion and rejection of the bile, so that a general jaundice was visible over her frame, and she remained in a state of extreme imbecility.

In this situation it was discovered that she had the propensity of swallowing pins and needles in great abundance. She seized with avidity every one that lay in her reach, and attempted to extract those in the dress of the persons that attended her, which, when successful, she precipitately ingorged. Some time afterwards she was seized with a palsey in her legs; for two years she continued in this state of paralysis and debility. At the expiration of that term, the symptoms became less unfavorable; but the appearance of amendment was of short duration, for, added to her other complaints, she was soon afterwards visited by a catalepsy, or state of drowsy insensibility, the paroxysm of which diurnally returned at six o'clock in the evening, and continued until eleven the ensuing morning; but even in this state her avidity for pins and needles was not

suspended, although in other respects her whole faculties seemed absorbed by the predominance of the disorder.

The pins and needles frequently made their appearance under the surface of the skin in her arms, and so many incisions were obliged to be made to extract them, that the muscles were almost laid bare: they likewise descended to the lower part of her body, and appeared in the extremities. To this complication of calamity were added a convulsive cough, and a fœtid expectoration. At length, overpowered by the multiplicity of the complaints with which she had struggled for twenty-four years, she died at the age of thirty-seven. Previously to her death she appeared as if the vital juices were almost completely dried up: her thighs were drawn close to her body, and her legs were bent backwards. On the triceps was found a large quantity of pins and needles collected together, which were only concealed by the cuticle. On the dissection of the body there was discovered in the chest at the right side, a concretion of corrupt matter. The right lobe of the lungs was in a state of suppuration, but the left was decayed. Two pins were found in the cellular membrane, which unites the pericardium to the diaphragm. In the œsophagus, and the other parts of the chest, not a single scar appeared, or in the whole range of the intestinal canal. The bladder was ulcerated, and contained six pins, incrustated with calcareous phosphorus. Many other parts of the body were pierced with numerous pins.

ACCOUNT OF AËRIAL VOYAGES

MADE IN ENGLAND AT VARIOUS PERIODS.

Concluded from page 153.)

ON the 8th of September, 1785, at forty minutes past one, P. M. the celebrated Mr. Baldwin ascended from Chester in Mr. Lunardi's balloon. After traversing in a variety of different directions, he first alighted, at twenty-eight minutes after three, about twelve miles from Chester, in the neighbourhood of Frodsham; then re-ascending, and pursuing his excursion, he finally landed at Rixton Moss, five miles N. N. E. of Wavington, and twenty-five miles from Chester. Mr. Baldwin has published his observations and remarks made during his voyage, and the following are some of the most important and curious:—"The sensation of ascending may be compared to that of a strong pressure from the bottom of the car upwards against the soles of his feet. At the distance of what appeared to him seven miles from the earth, though by the barometer scarce a mile and a half, he had a grand and most enchanting view of the city of Chester and its adjacent places below. The river Dee appeared of a red colour, the city very diminutive, and the town entirely blue; the whole appeared a perfect plain, the highest building having no apparent height, but reduced all to the same level, and the whole terrestrial prospect appear-

ed like a coloured map. Just after his first ascent, being in a well watered and maritime part of the country, he observed a remarkable and regular tendency of the balloon towards the sea; but shortly after, rising into another current of air, he escaped the danger; this upper current, he says, was visible to him at the time of his ascent, by a lofty sound stratum of clouds, flying in a safe direction. The perspective appearance of things to him was very remarkable. The lowest bed of vapour, that first appeared as a cloud, was pure white, in detached fleeces, increasing as they rose; they presently coalesced, and formed, as he expresses it, a sea of cotton, tufting here and there by the action of the air in the undisturbed part of the clouds. The whole became an extended white floor of cloud, the upper surface being smooth and even. Above this white floor he observed, at great and unequal distances, a vast assemblage of thunder-clouds, each parcel consisting of whole acres in the densest form;—he compares their form and appearance to the smoke of pieces of ordnance which had consolidated, as it were, into masses of snow, and penetrated through the upper surface or white floor of common clouds, there remaining visible and at rest. Some clouds had motions in slow and various directions, forming an appearance truly stupendous and majestic. He endeavours to convey some idea of the scene by a figure in a copperplate of aërostation, which represents a circular view he had from the car of the balloon, himself being over the centre of the

view, looking down on the white floor of clouds, and seeing the city of Chester through an opening, which discovered the landscape below, limited by surrounding vapour to less than two miles in diameter. The breadth of the outer margin defines his apparent height in the balloon (viz. four miles) above the white floor of clouds. At first it was small, in shape and size like an egg, but soon increased to the magnitude of the sun's disk, still growing larger, and attended with a most captivating appearance of an iris, encircling the whole shadow at some distance round it, the colours of which were remarkably brilliant. The regions did not feel colder, but rather warmer than below. The sun was hottest to him when the balloon was stationary. The discharge of a cannon, when the balloon was at a considerable height, was distinctly heard by the aëronaut; and a discharge from the same piece, when at the height of thirty yards, so disturbed him, as to oblige him for safety to lay hold firmly of the cords of the balloon. At a considerable height he poured down a pint bottle-full of water; and as the air did not oppose a resistance sufficient to break the stream into small drops, it mostly fell down in large drops. In the course of the balloon's track it was found much affected by the water—a circumstance observed in former aërial voyages. At one time the direction of the balloon kept continually over the water, going directly towards the sea, so much as to endanger the aëronaut; the mouth of the balloon was opened, and he in

two minutes descended into an under current blowing from the sea: he kept descending, and landed at Bellair Farm, in Rinsley, twelve miles from Chester. Here he lightened his car by thirty-one pounds, and instantly reascending, was carried into the interior part of the country, performing a number of different manœuvres. At his greatest altitude he found his respiration free and easy. Several bladders which he had along with him cracked and expanded very considerably. Clouds and lands, as before, appeared on the same level. By way of experiment, he tried the upper valve two or three times (the neck of the balloon being close), and remarked that the escape of the gas was attended with a growling noise like mill-stones, but not near so loud. Again, round the shadow of the balloon, on the clouds he observed the iris. A variety of other circumstances and appearances he met with, which are fancifully described, and at fifty-three minutes after three he finally landed.

October the 5th, Mr. Lunardi made the first aërial voyage in Scotland. He ascended at Edinburgh, and landed near Cupar, in Fife, having described a track of forty miles over the sea, and ten over the land, in an hour and a half. He said the mercury in the barometer sunk as low 18·3 inches at his greatest elevation.

November the 19th, the celebrated Blanchard ascended at Ghent, to a great height, and after many dangers, descended at Delft, without his car, which he cut away to lighten

the machine when he was descending so rapidly, and slung himself by the cords to the balloon, which served him then in the nature of a parachute. On his first ascent, when almost out of sight, he let down a dog, by means of a parachute, which came easily to the ground.

November the 25th, Mr. Lunardi ascended at Glasgow, and in two hours he described a track of 125 miles. It is farther remarkable, that being overcome with drowsiness, he says he slept for about twenty minutes in the bottom of the car during his voyage.

To obviate the danger of a fall, arising from any accident happening to the balloon, several experiments were made with a parachute, by Mr. Blanchard, whose endeavours and perseverance continued longer than any other person. We have accounts of two voyages performed by him; which, being very curious, we shall relate in Mr. Blanchard's own words, taken from his letter (dated Leipsic, October 9, 1787) to the editors of the Paris Journal:— "I did not mention," says he, "in your interesting paper, my ascension at Strasburgh on the 26th of last August. The weather was so horrible that I mounted only for the sake of contenting the curiosity of the crowd of strangers assembled there from all parts of the country. Every body seemed satisfied at the attempt; but I assure you, gentlemen, that I was far from pleased with socommon an experiment. The only remarkable thing that occurred at that time was the following circumstance: At the height of about 2000 yards, or a mile and

half a quarter, I let down a dog tied to the parachute, who, instead of descending gently, was forcibly carried by a whirlwind above the clouds. I met him soon after, bending his course directly downwards, and, as on recollecting his master he began to bark a little, I was going to take hold of the parachute, when another whirlwind lifted him again to a great height. I lost him for the space of six minutes, and perceived him afterwards, with my telescope, as if sleeping in the cradle or basket belonging to the machine. Continually agitated, and impetuously tossed through every point of the compass by the violence of the different currents of air, I determined to end my voyage on the other side of the Rhine, after having passed vertically over Zell. I descended at a small village, with an intention to be assisted a little, and about thirty men soon came within reach of the balloon, and fixed me to the ground. The wind was so violent, that anchors or ropes would have been of no service. I had, however, added to the large aerostatic globe a smaller one, of sixty pounds ascensional force, which would have contributed to fix me, when once I let it loose; but notwithstanding this precaution, the men's assistance was very necessary. The parachute was still waving in the air, and did not come down till twelve minutes after.

"I performed my twenty-seventh ascension at Leipsic, the 29th of September, in the midst of an incredible number of spectators, forming one of the most brilliant assemblies I ever be-

held. The sky was as clear and serene as possible, and the air so calm, that many of my friends, and multitudes of others, could follow me on horseback, and even on foot. I was sometimes so near them that they thought they could reach me, but I had the means of rising; and once, when they had actually taken hold of the cords, to see me float with the strings in their hands, I suddenly cut them, and mounted again in the air. All these amusing evolutions were in sight of the town and its environs. At length I yielded to the solicitations of the company, and entered the town triumphantly in my car, followed by a concourse of people transported with joy, and amidst the acclamations of thousands. The next day I emptied the inflammable air into another globe, with which I intended to try some experiments; and I let it off with a cradle, in which a dog was fixed. The balloon having reached a considerable height, made an explosion in its under part, as I had imagined it would, having previously disposed it in a proper manner for that purpose; by which means the little animal fell gently on the ground.

"Having repeated this experiment, at the town's request, I prepared the globe in such a manner as to cause an explosion in its upper part, and added a parachute with two small dogs fixed to it. They went so high, that notwithstanding the serenity of the sky, the balloon was lost in its immense expanse. Telescopes of the best sort became useless, and I began to be apprehensive for the death of the

little animals, on account of the severity of the cold. They descended, however, about two hours after, quite safe and well, in the town of Delitzsch, three miles from Leipsic. I went to claim them, and found them again over the town in the air with the parachute."

Mr. Blanchard's thirty-second ascension was made at Brunswick, in the month of August, 1788, in which he was much assisted by means of his wings.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU will confer a favor on me by giving place to a few observations I have made on the *technicalities* of the present age, which cannot be sufficiently admired.

You must know, gentlemen, I have two sons, one a merchant and the other a sporting man on the turf; the first is continually telling me that he gives me *credit* for all my kindness to him, which will ever be *posted* in the *day-book* of his memory; and the second, whenever I deny him a supply of money, threatens to be *down upon me, get the whip hand of me*, and an hundred other strange phrases. Quarrelling the other day with my barber, he swore to give me a *dressing*; and because I spoke in a passion to my tailor, he had the impudence to tell me I was as hot as his *goose*. But the worst of all is the following bill just received from my shoemaker:—

		l.	s.	d.
Dec. 23.	Clogged up Miss	0	0	10
1802.	Mended up Miss	0	0	2
Jan. 17.	Heel-tapped and bound up Madam	0	0	11
	Toe-capped Master . . .	0	0	8
	Turned up, clogged up, and mended the Maid . . .	0	1	6
20.	Heel-tapped Master . . .	0	0	3
	Lined, bound up, and put a piece on Madam . . .	0	0	3
Feb. 1.	Stitching up Miss Kitty . .	0	0	3
	Soleing the Maid	0	0	8
10.	Tapping Madam	0	0	6
	Putting a piece on Master .	0	0	2
		0	10	2

Is it ignorance, or do you think the rascal means to insult me?

Yours, most respectfully,

AN OLD CODGER.

Sunning-hill, Nov. 10, 1802.

THE WORTHIES OF WINANDERMEAR.

NATIONS, provinces, and counties have been proud to boast the births of men eminent for arms, arts, or science; in the same country learning, wit, and parts have appeared more in one age than another. Homer, Virgil, Milton, were of different countries. The locality of Troy walls is not yet, perhaps, exactly ascertained: but it is true that in these latter

days more men of letters, genius, and of learned professions, have been born on the banks or within five miles of the famous lake, Winandermear, in England, than in any other part of the world of the same extent, and within the like space of time, that we know or have read of—for instance:

The late Rev. Dr. Edwin Sandys, Lord Archbishop of York.

Sir William Rawlinson, one of the first Lords Commissioners for the Custody of the Great Seal of England.

Daniel Rawlinson, Citizen of London, and

The Rev. Dr. Law, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, (one of whose sons was also mitred during the father's episcopacy) were all born near each other, and within three miles of the lake, and were the progenitors of great respectability, and flourishing families now in being.

Lancelot Addison, Dean of Litchfield, and father of the celebrated and highly eminent Joseph Addison, Esq.

Dr. Anthony Askar, the great Grecian of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Dr. Richard Burn, Author of Justices Law, &c.

Ephraim Chambers, Esq. F.R.S. Author of the Cyclopædia, &c.

Dr. George Fothergill, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

Dr. John Fothergill, the eminent Physician of London.

Dr. Fothergill, late Provost of Queen's College, Oxford.

Dr. Edmund Gibson, Lord Bishop of London.

The Rev. Bernard Gilpin, a great character in the persecuting times of Queen Mary.

Dr. Thomas Garnett, Natural Philosopher, &c.

Richard Hogarth, father of the late ingenious and inimitable artist, William Hogarth.

The learned Mr. Moore, of Rugby, father of Dr. John Moore, Lord Bishop of Ely.

Dr. Preston, Lord Bishop of Killalla and Ferns.

Dr. Poslethwaite, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The late Robert Rawlinson, Esq. Chief Justice of Chester, &c. and grandfather of the late Mrs. Anne Baynard, of Barnes in Surrey.

Dr. Thomas Shaw, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Greek, and known to the learned world by his Travels to Barbary and the Levant.

The Rev. Jeremiah Seed, an able orthodox divine, and an amiable man, whose writings are much esteemed.

Dr. Shepherd, Professor of experimental Philosophy at Cambridge.

Sir John Wilson, a Judge of the Common Pleas, Westminster.

The Rev. John Smith, famed for his historical works of the venerable Bede.

The Rev. Dr. John Taylor, noted for his Hebrew English Concordance.

Thomas Tickell, Esq. an ingenious Poet and Author, and cotemporary with Addison, Steele, &c.

Mr. Thomas Taylor, who compiled (a modern work) the best book of Logarithms ever published.

The Rev. Mr. Upton, Prebendary of Rochester, and Editor of Spencer's Fairy Queen, &c. &c.

The present Rev. Dr. Watson, Lord Bishop of Llandaff.

Dr. Sir Isaac Pennington, Regius Professor of Physic.

Sir Allan Chambre, a Judge of the Common Pleas.

Dr. Ainslie, of the College of Physicians.

Daniel Braithwaite, Esq. F.R.S.

Adam Walker, Esq. the philosophic lecturer.

Romney, Cranke, and Gardner, three ingenious artists.

Messrs. Millers, Ainslie, Hubbersty, Hall, Bell, Harrison, and Hudson, young gentlemen of great promise in the University of Cambridge and at the Bar.

It has been supposed that the ancestors of the great naval hero, Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronti, were born on the banks of this Mear.

Katharine, the daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, and wife of Henry VIII. was born at Kendal, near the lake.

Anne, Countess of Pembroke, was born not far distant, and her memory is with great reason respected in the county of Westmorland.

Great Public Characters.

NO. 5.

RIGHT HONORABLE CHARLES PRICE,

Lord Mayor of London.

IT has frequently been observed, with much justice, that no situation under the crown is of greater importance and higher dignity than that of the chief magistrate of the city of London; and yet less attention has been paid in selecting proper persons to fill it than in much inferior situations.

London being the metropolis of the British empire, the first city in the world, the grand emporium of commerce, the temple of the sciences, the school of the arts, and the centre of real taste and true magnificence, too much attention cannot possibly be paid to the abilities and character of him who is to preside in the civic chair. The dignity and honor of the city is deeply concerned; and when the citizens elect a Lord Mayor of London, it may justly be affirmed that the eyes of all Europe are upon them. In few instances has a more judicious attention been paid to this important business than in the election of Alderman Price to be lord mayor. A magistrate of a commercial city should be well acquainted with every thing relating to its trade and commerce, and we believe few men have a more general acquaintance with commerce than Mr. Price, having acquired a very honorable and respectable name in a very extensive concern in the oil trade, which he has conducted with increasing reputation for many years. It will be remembered, that when Mr. Alderman Price stood a candidate as member for the city (which honor his fellow-citizens elected him to), it was objected by one of the unsuccessful candidates, in terms not very elegant, that Mr. Price's knowledge seemed limited to the counting-house. Those who have the honor of knowing the alderman will acknowledge that his science is general, and that he possesses no small portion of literary accomplishments. The advancement of this gentleman to civic honors has been unusually ra-

pid:—upon the decease of John Wilkes he was chosen alderman in his room, of the ward of Faringdon; he served sheriff upon the decease of Sheriff Champion, having a very short period to serve.

The political conduct of the present lord mayor has been strictly uniform: a friend to the constitution, both in church and state, he has strenuously supported the measures of administration. During the temporary paroxysms of popular commotion in September, 1800, the conduct of Alderman Price merited the highest applause. By an uncommon exercise of temper and moderation, he repressed the insolence of a most daring mob, without using the smallest measures of coercion; he was then in his military capacity as commandant of the volunteer corps of Faringdon ward. He addressed the populace with so much good humour, and so energetically pointed out the impropriety of their conduct, that they dispersed immediately.

The abilities of Mr. Price have been tried, and his talents have been found fully adequate to those important subordinate stations he has already filled. His lordship has a large family, the female branches of which are very beautiful, and elegantly accomplished.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE, OCT. 14.

MR. Stephen Kemble, who has long been a theatrical star of the first magnitude in a northern constellation, appeared this evening, for the first time, on the boards of the above theatre. From the powers of the family to which he belongs, it might have been expected that he would have chosen some serious and melancholy part for his *debut;* but, on the spot where his brother and sister have so often excited indignation and drawn forth tears, he undertook to occasion merriment, as the lying and witty *Falstaff.* The expectation of the public was wonderfully excited, and the house was crowded at an early hour.

Before the curtain drew up, Mr. Bannister came forward, and delivered the following

ADDRESS,

Written by Mr. Stephen Kemble for the occasion.

A *Falstaff* here to-night, by nature made,
Lends to your favorite bard his *pond'rous* aid.
No man of buckram he—no stuffing gear—
No feather-bed, nor even a pillow-bier:
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
And weighing, more or less, some *thirty stone*.
Upon the northern coast by chance we caught him,
And hither, in a *broad-wheel'd waggon*, brought him;
For in a chaise the varlet ne'er could enter,
And no mail-coach with such a fare would venture.
Blest with unwieldiness, at least his *size*
Will favor find in every critic's eyes;
And should his humour and his mimic art
Bear due proportion to his *outward part*—
(As once 'twas said of *Macklin* in the *Jew*)
"This is the very *Falstaff* Shakespeare drew!"
To you, with diffidence, he bid me say,
Should you approve, you may command his stay,
To lie and swagger here another day;
If not—to better men he'll leave his sack,
And go as *ballast* in a collier back.

We scarcely ever saw any thing of the kind so well received.

The audience judged that the man who wrote this must not only have stupendous corporeal qualifications for the part, but must likewise be possessed of a high degree of the humour and jocularity of the character he was to

personate. Very few, we believe, would be disappointed. Some, to be sure, have of late acquired false notions of the character, and might think that they were not made to laugh sufficiently often and with due violence—they expected, perhaps, to see a buffoon, who, Merry-Andrew-like, would be constantly striving to divert the bye-standers by antic gestures, stale tricks, and bodily wit. Mr. Kemble never violated decorum, or forgot that he was a gentleman—and here he certainly conformed to the meaning of the author. *Falstaff*'s wit is generally of the most refined nature, and is not intended to produce horse-laughter, but that keen and delicate gratification which arises from unexpected combinations of thought, apt allusions, pointed repartee, and polished raillery.

COVENT-GARDEN, NOV. 6.

THIS evening a new comedy was produced, from the pen of Mr. Reynolds, under the title of DELAYS AND BLUNDERS. The characters were as follow :—

Henry Sapling.....	Mr. Lewis.
Sapling, ...	Mr. Munden.
Paul Postpone,.....	Mr. Fawcett.
Lieutenant St. Orme,...	Mr. Siddons.
Sir Edward Delauny, ..	Mr. Murray.
Privilege,.....	Mr. Simmons.
Robert Grange, ...	Mr. Emery.
Honoria	Mrs. H. Johnston.

Mrs. St. Orme..... Mrs. Litchfield.
Lauretta St. Orme, ... Mrs. H. Siddons.
Mrs. Sapling, ... Mrs. Mattocks.

SKETCH OF THE PLOT.

Lieutenant St. Orme had married Amelia, only daughter of Sir Frederick Delauny, against his consent, and fled to America, where he remained several years; when, being involved in distress, Mrs. St. Orme returned to England to solicit the assistance of her father. Sir Frederick, wishing to separate her from her husband, propagated reports of his falsehood to her, and soon after informed St. Orme, that Amelia, having detected his intrigues, and rendered miserable by his baseness, had become insane. St. Orme hastily answered, "I charge you to confine her—if she escapes, my misery is everlasting," and with his daughter, Lauretta, flew to his unhappy wife's relief. On his arrival, Sir Frederick refused to let him see her. St. Orme, followed by Lauretta, rushed into his presence, and, wild with fury, demanded satisfaction. Sir Frederick declined the meeting. St. Orme presented him a pistol, and, on Sir Frederick's grasping it to save his life, St. Orme conceived it an acceptance of the challenge, and fired. Sir Frederick Delauny fell, and in a few months expired, bequeathing (in case of her recovery) his whole estate to his daughter, but naming his successor, Sir Edward, his trustee, who prosecutes St. Orme for the murder, and confines Amelia, after her

recovery, in order to keep possession of the property.

At this period the play opens, with Lauretta visiting the gaol where her father is confined for the murder. She persuades the goaler to deliver to him a small paper parcel, and receives in return the following written answer: "Retire to your retreat, and never forget that you alone were present at the murder, and that there is no other witness to convict me." She obeys him instantly, but is afterwards discovered and seized by the prosecutor, Sir Edward, when Henry Sapling rescues her, and to secure her escape, places her in a farm-house, where she meets her mother. St. Orme is acquitted by the *Delays and Blunders* of Paul Postpone, and Lauretta reconciles him to her mother by means of a transparency of the Vestal buried alive. In the conclusion, Sir Edward confesses that Sir Frederick died a natural death, and not by the wound given by St. Orme.

There is an under-plot, in which Henry Sapling is introduced; he is a gay young lieutenant of the navy, who rails at matrimony and dependence, while he is under the most despotic controul of Lady Sensitive, a compleat virago, in the purlieus of Mary-le-bone. He becomes, however, honorably attached to Honoria, and marries her.

Mr. Sapling, his uncle, from a plain country fox-hunting squire, has, to please his wife, commenced a modern beau.

Paul Postpone is a solicitor, who instead of filling up subpœnas and reading briefs, pays at-

tention only to music, dancing, and cricket-matches.

Dick Privilege is a member of parliament, who seems better acquainted with the lounge of Bond-street, or the inside of a spunging-house, than with the house of commons.

Emery, in the part of Robert Grange, gave a very whimsical portrait of a Yorkshire clown, and excited considerable merriment: he tells the audience that he was once examined in court, at the assizes, when a little fat fellow, in a wig and black gown, asked him if he was not called or known by the name of *Thieving Poacker?* "Yes, Mister Counsellor," says he, "I am by such *ill-looking fellows* as *you*, but not by GENTLEMEN."—On being asked another question on some matter, he replied, "Why lookee, you have had a fee for giving your opinion, and I be'nt such a fool to give you mine for nothing!"*

The comedy is a medley of the mournful and the ludicrous—it is, in fact, a melancholy novel blended with a whimsical farce: and if we can admit that such an odd compound is fit for the stage, it must be acknowledged that the author has mingled them together with effect. His melancholy scenes interest the affections, and those of the humourous kind exercise the risible muscles. It is at the same time, however, so

* This last answer was actually given by a rustic to the present chancellor, when a counsel on the circuit.

distressful and so farcical, as to remind us of the Monk, who had engaged to make his congregation laugh with one eye while they cried with the other.

The piece was well received on the first night, and has been repeated with increasing approbation.

A melo-drame,* under the title of A TALE OF MYSTERY, adapted from the French to the English stage by Mr. Holcroft, has also been brought forward at this theatre, and continues to attract brilliant and overflowing audiences.

It is certainly as masterly a combination of all the requisites which are essential to fascinate the public as any production of a similar nature that has been brought forward for many years on the boards of a London theatre. The plot abounds in natural and irresistible interest; the diction is chaste and impressive; the characters are strongly marked, and it is most happily embellished by the kindred arts of music, dancing, and painting. The dresses and decorations are of the first magnificence, and judiciously suited to the subject. The music is by Dr. Busby.

Of the performers it would be difficult to speak in adequate terms of panegyric. A piece better suited to their respective powers and ta-

* The celebrated French novel, from which Mr. Holcroft has taken the ground-plot of this popular performance, is now preparing for the press in an English dress, by the celebrated Miss Gunning. It will consist, we are told, of 4 volumes, 12mo.

lents has never been brought forward; but H. Johnston in *Romaldi*, Mr. Farley in *Francisco*, and Mrs. Gibbs in *Selina*, are particularly distinguished.

The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Romaldi,	Mr. H. Johnston.
Bonamo,	Mr. Murray.
Francisco,	Mr. Farley.
Stephano,	Mr. Brunton.
Michelli,	Mr. Blanchard.
Montano,	Mr. Claremont.
Malvolio,	Mr. Cory.
Piero,	Mr. Simmons.
Selina,	Mrs. Gibbs.
Fiametta,	Mrs. Mattocks.

So great are the attractions of this performance, that they promise for a long time to render any novelty unnecessary at this house.

THE EARL OF WIGTON AND THE PARROT.

Great Marlborough-street, Oct. 19.

A CURIOUS examination took place on this day respecting a parrot, which was brought to this office in a cage. When the woman who carried it was called to bring it in, Poll cried out, "No, no!" which caused a great deal of laughter. However, on being brought before the magistrate, notwithstanding her being very talkative, she behaved with

great decorum, not uttering a single syllable during the time she remained there. From the statements that were made, it appeared, that on the 11th of August last a parrot was stolen, with its cage, from the front area of Lady Harriet Gill's house in Wigmore-street. The following day it was advertised, and posting-bills were issued, offering a reward for it. No tidings of Poll were obtained till about a fortnight ago, when one of the Earl of Wigton's servants passing through Henrietta-street, observed a parrot in a cage hanging in an area, which he knew to be Lady Harriet Gill's, and which had been presented to her ladyship by Lord Wigton. The bird was now in the possession of the Countess of Granard, whose cook brought it to this office. All the servants of the Earl of Wigton were ready to swear both to the bird and the cage. His lordship himself attended: he asked the magistrate whether he might be permitted to put his hand in the cage, and tickle the bird's side, because his lordship observed, if it were that which had been his, it would bite at him, and make a croaking noise. His lordship did so, and the effect was produced. But the Countess of Granard's cook said, "Excuse, me, my lord, any parrot will do that when you hurt it so." Many of the countess's servants also attended, who were ready to swear that it was her ladyship's parrot, and had been presented to her by Lord Berkley ten years ago. On her ladyship's going to France, four months ago, she left the bird in the care of the cook.

Such, and so positive, were the statements on each side.

The Earl of Wigton requested he might have Poll till the matter was cleared up: but to this Lady Granard's cook objected, as she said the countess would not take fifty pounds for Poll; and, on the other side, it was declared, that Lady Harried Gill would not part with her for double that sum, though it was stated that Poll, notwithstanding her present taciturnity, was remarkably talkative, and frequently bestowed on her ladyship a great deal of abuse, and many vulgar appellations.

There were so many witnesses on each side, and all so extremely certain of the fact they respectively advanced, that the matter was not decided; and it was settled that the Earl of Wigton should call on the Earl of Granard in order to investigate, and, if possible, to clear up the business.

TABLE OF THE POPULATION OF SCOTLAND

Throughout the last Century.

1700 ..	1,048,245	1770 ..	1,433,999
1710 ..	1,228,040	1780 ..	1,457,815
1720 ..	1,390,727	1785 ..	1,475,258
1730 ..	1,308,880	1790 ..	1,567,504
1740 ..	1,222,002	1795 ..	1,669,477
1750 ..	1,403,810	1801 ..	1,652,370
1760 ..	1,363,557		

For the Monthly Visitor.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.

DIED lately, at Bristol in Pennsylvania, a female slave named Alice, aged 116 years. She was born in Philadelphia, of parents who came from Barbadoes, and lived in that city until she was ten years old, when her master removed her to Dunk's Ferry, in which neighbourhood she continued to the end of her days. She remembered the ground on which Philadelphia stands, when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians (its chief inhabitants) hunted wild game in the woods, while the panther, the wolf, and the beasts of the forest, were prowling about the wigwams and cabins in which they lived. Being a sensible intelligent woman, and having a good memory, which she retained to the last, she would often make judicious remarks on the population and improvements of the city and country; hence her conversation became peculiarly interesting, especially to the immediate descendants of the first settlers, of whose ancestors she often related acceptable anecdotes. She remembered William Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, Thomas Story, James Logan, and several other distinguished characters of that day. During a short visit which she paid to Philadelphia, last fall, many respectable persons called to see her, who were all pleased with her innocent cheerfulness, and that dignified deportment,

for which (though a slave and uninstructed) she was ever remarkable. In observing the increase of the city, she pointed out the house next to the episcopal church, to the southward in Second-street, as the first brick-building that was erected in it; and it is more than probable she was right, for it bears evident marks of antiquity. The first church, she said, was a small frame that stood where the present building stands, the ceiling of which she could reach with her hands from the floor. She was a worthy member of the episcopal society, and attended their public worship as long as she lived. Indeed, she was so zealous to perform this duty, in proper season, that she has often been met on horseback, in a full gallop, to church, at the age of 95 years. The veneration she had for the bible induced her to lament that she was not able to read it; but the deficiency was in part supplied by the kindness of many of her friends, who, at her request, would read it to her, when she would listen with great attention, and often make pertinent remarks. She was temperate in her living, and so careful to keep to the truth, that her veracity was never questioned; her honesty also was unimpeached, for such was her masters' confidence in it, that she was trusted at all times to receive the ferriage money for upwards of forty years. This extraordinary woman retained her hearing to the end of her life, but her sight began to fail gradually in her ninety-sixth year, without any other visible cause than from old age. At one hundred she became blind, so that she

could not see the sun at noon day. Being habituated from her childhood to constant employment, her last master kindly excused her from her usual labour; but she could not be idle, for she afterwards devoted her time to fishing, at which she was very expert, and even at this late period, when her sight had so entirely left her, she would frequently row herself out into the middle of the stream, from which she seldom returned without a handsome supply of fish for her master's table. About the one hundred and second year of her age, her sight gradually returned, and improved so far, that she could perceive objects moving before her, though she could not distinguish persons. Before she died, her hair became perfectly white, and the last of her teeth dropt sound from her head at the age of 116 years.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POINT OF HONOR.

OUR readers may have heard much of the etiquette of diplomacy in modern times, and it has even been asserted that General Andreossi refused to leave Paris until he heard of Lord Whitworth's landing at Calais. But this story falls far short of what happened in France some years before the French revolution, by two ladies, who disputed a *point of honor*:—

"The wives of M. Fayer, auditor of accounts, and M. Marceau, treasurer of France, happened

to meet in their coaches at the end of the street Des Coquilles, with a design to pass through it. The street was so narrow it would not admit of two carriages to pass; they each entered the street at opposite ends, and neither would draw back; for, alas! punctilio of honour prevented either from doing so. They both remained firm in their coaches from an early hour in the morning till the afternoon, when they sent their lacqueys for oats and hay for their horses, and ordered dinner to be brought to their coaches. At length, a citizen of Paris passing home, who lived in the street, and had a cart, laden with wine, finding he could not get to his house at either end, went and made a complaint to the commissary, who, finding the ladies equally obstinate, and neither willing to give way, and being unwilling to affront either, with true French ceremony, ordered both coaches to put back at the same time, and that neither should enter the street again, to the great satisfaction of a crowd who had collected together. This accommodation was accepted, as the ladies were heartily tired of the trouble they were involved in, and perfectly satisfied they had preserved their *honor!*

"Having observed the punctilios of two French ladies, we may notice that of a Spanish lady:—When the queen-mother of Spain died, early in the last century, the constable and grandees met according to custom, and sent for the chief lady of the queen's chamber, who ought to be one of the assembly. She answered, it was the duty of her employ to stay by the

body of her mistress, and therefore they must come to her. They answered, that the body of the grandees could no more move than a mountain. Every one expressed their respect for her, but being a collective body, it would be a derogation of their privileges. To this the lady chamberlain replied—"That she was no less resolved to maintain her's, and that she would stay in the queen's chamber."

"Eight hours were spent in messages to each other to no purpose. At last the Dons held a council, and the expedient they hit upon was, that, without rising from their seats, they should be carried to a room at an equal distance from their own and the lady high chamberlain's. The grandees, stroking their mighty whiskers, advanced with due importance upon the shoulders of their attendants. The high-stomached Donna was carried in the same way on a cushion—so it was said neither had made one step to meet the other."

MEMORANDUMS OF JOHN TAYLOR, FROM HIS WORKS, 1630.

THIS author had the merit of interrupting the servile etiquette of kneeling to the king. I myself (says the water-poet) gave a book to king James once, in the great chamber, at Whitehall, as his majesty came from the chapel. The duke of Richmond said merrily to me: "Taylor, where did you learn the manners to give the king a book and not kneel?" "My lord (said I) if it please your grace, I

doe give now; but when I beg any thing, then I will kneele."

Myself (says the same writer) carried an old fellow by water, that had wealth enough to be deputy of the ward, and wit enough for a scavenger. The water being somewhat rough, he was much afraid, and threatened me, that if I did drown him, he would spend an hundred pound but he would see me hanged for it. In little space I landed him on the bank-side. Well, (said he), I am glad I am off the water, for if the boat had overset, I could have swam no more than a goose.

Soon after twelve at noon, one asked me what it was o'clock? I answered him, it was little or nothing. On his wondering at my reply, I said, that which is less than one, is little or nothing.

An hostess of mine at Oxford roasted a shoulder of a ram, which in the eating was as tough as a buff jerkin. I asked her, why the mutton was so tough? She said, she knew not, unless the butcher deceived her in the age of it. Nay, quoth I, there is, I think, another fault in it, which will excuse the butcher, for perhaps you roasted it with old wood. In troth, replied she, that is likely enough, for my husband buys nothing but old stumps and knots, which make all the meat we roast or boil so exceeding tough that nobody can eat it.

Being asked who invented the game of bowls, he replied, No doubt, the philosopher *Bias*.

THE VOCAL PARROT.

A FEW days since, died the celebrated parrot belonging to colonel O'Kelly. This extraordinary creature sung a number of songs in perfect time and tune, and, if she ever made a lapse, she would stop, and go over the passage till her ear was perfectly satisfied. She could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner approaching nearly to rationality. Her age is not known, but it is upwards of thirty years since the late Mr. O'Kelly bought her at Bristol, at the price of 100 guineas. The colonel was repeatedly offered 500 guineas per annum by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of the bird, but this, out of tenderness to the favorite, he constantly refused. The body was dissected by Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Brooke, when the muscles of the *larynx*, which form the voice, were found, from the effect of practice, to be uncommonly strong; but there was no apparent cause for its sudden death.

STATE OF EUROPE.

A GENTLEMAN observed a few evenings since, in a company, that the politics of Europe might be compared to the four common rules of arithmetic—*Addition* had got into France, *Subtraction* into Italy, *Multiplication* into England, and *Division* into Germany!

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY.

IN the year 1739, one William Okeley was taken on board the ship Mary, of London, by a pirate vessel, and carried captive to Algiers. He had the good fortune to have a kind master, and being trusted with a sum of money to trade with, kept a shop and sold strong waters, tobacco, &c. out of the profits of which he was only obliged to give his master a certain sum weekly. However, not being able to bear the thoughts of slavery, he was continually projecting how to make his escape; and judging seven persons would be enough to manage and carry on the design, he opened his mind to John Anthony, a carpenter, who had been a slave fourteen years; William Adams who, during eleven years slavery, had learnt brick-making; John Jeplis, a sailor, who had been captive five years; and to another carpenter, who had likewise been a slave five years. There were two more, whose business it was to wash clothes by the sea side, who had a share in carrying on the work, though they did not go with them.

These persons, having fixed their resolution to attempt an escape, provided a piece of timber, about twelve feet long, to make the keel of a boat, which was to be wrought in Okeley's cellar; they then took care of timber or ribs, every one of which was made of three pieces, and joined in two places, in such a manner, that each joint being fastened by two nails, in holes so contrived for that purpose, would make

an obtuse angle, and so incline as near a semicircular form, as occasion required. For the clothing of the naked ribs of their boat instead of boards, they bought as much strong canvass as would cover it twice over, upon the convex of the careen, also as much pitch, tar, and tallow, as would make it a kind of tarpawlin searcloth, with earthen pots to melt their materials in.

Their boat being fitted up in this manner, and then taken in pieces again, the next difficulty was how to convey it out of town and hide the pieces in a secure place. It was, however not without danger of discovery, at length, carried out by pieces, and hid at the bottom of a hedge, near the sea-side, whither they had likewise conveyed a piece of canvass for a sail, and a pair of oars, such as they were, made of a couple of pipe staves. For provisions they laid up a small quantity of bread, and had two leather bags or bottles filled with water. Every thing being thus ready, they appointed their rendezvous at a young fig tree, near where the pieces of their boat were concealed. Repairing thither at night, they soon get it up together, and added the young fig tree, which they cut down to strengthen her keel. They bound small canes all along the ribs lengthwise, to keep them from veering, and to keep out the canvas stiff; and the ribs were fastened to the top of the keel and in the joints, with ropeyards and small cords, to keep them firm and staple. They lastly drew on her double canvas case, and then four of them carried her on their

shoulders to the sea side. There they immediately stripped stark naked, and putting their clothes into the boat, carried her as far as they could wade, into the sea, and then all seven got into her: but they were no sooner embarked, than they found they had not proportioned their vessel to the burthen she was to carry, and that she was ready to sink under them. Two of them were therefore obliged to return to their slavery, and with the other five she seemed to bear up very well.

The 30th of June, these bold adventurers launched out in the manner above described; and they worked very hard that night to be out of sight of the ships which lay in the harbour before day. The next day they were sensible of their little forecast, with regard to their provisions. For their bread was soaked through with salt water, and their fresh water became so nauseous by their bags having likewise lain in salt water, shat they preferred their urine to it. They made shift with their bread, spoiled as it was, three days, in which time the wind was so contrary, that they made very little way. One of them had a pocket-dial, which they steered by in the day time, and in the night they were guided by the motion of the stars. But their greatest plague was by day, the heat of the sun; for which they had no other remedy (though by the bye the remedy was worse than the disease) but for the fifth man, while the other four were rowing, to scoop out the salt water which gathered at the bottom of the boat, and throw it upon their naked bodies to cool

them. This, with the heat of the sun, so bleached, and at the same time so pickled them, that they rose all over in blisters which caused them exceeding great pain.

In this wretched condition, they continued four days and four nights, and were so brought to the brink of despair, that they laid by the oars, and left off all labour. The fifth, they discovered a tortoise not far from them asleep on the sea, and having silently rowed to the prey, they took her into the boat, with great triumph, cut off her head, and having let her bleed into a pot, drank the blood, eat the liver, and sucked the flesh, which proved a very great refreshment to them. About noon they discovered land, and laboured hard to get at it; but being at length tired, they took a little repose in their boat, and then renewing their diligence, towards evening discovered another island. The first they saw was Majorca, and towards that they resolved to make. They rowed very hard all night, kept within sight of it all the next day, which was the seventh after their putting to sea, and about ten at night got under the island; but the rocks were so steep and craggy that they were not able to climb up. At length they found a convenient place, where they thrust in their weather-beaten boat, and got safe ashote. They got with some difficulty to the town of Majorca, where the Spaniards kindly relieved them. From thence they got their passage by sea to Cadiz, and so with Captain Smith, of Rotherhite, to London, where they asrived in the month of September, and in this perilous manner gained their liberty.

MR. BARTOLOZZI's
DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

THIS celebrated engraver left London on Wednesday, November 3d, in order to proceed to Portugal. It is much to be regretted that an artist of such eminence, and whose talents have so long done honour to this country, should have been compelled in the decline of his life, to have sought an asylum in any other—yet we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves on his account; the efforts of his genius have been rewarded with the liberality which uniformly distinguishes the English nation, and if imprudence has lavished what generosity has bestowed, it is a subject of regret, that splendid talents, should be unaccompanied by common prudence;—the fact is, Mr. Bartolozzi has suffered himself to be too much imposed upon by his own countrymen, who have taken advantage of his easiness of temper, and his carelessness with regard to his affairs. Thus, although he has acquired what might have been an independent fortune, he has neglected to preserve it; and to secure tranquility and comfort to his latter days, he has accepted the offer of the government of Portugal, and has consented to pass the remainder of his days there, upon what in this country would be deemed a very moderate pension. We understand that a national academy of arts is to be established at Lisbon, of which

Mr. Bartolozzi is to have the seperintendance. He is to be attended by two pupils from this country. An handsome suite of apartments are to be assigned him, and every thing else provided for him at Lisbon, independent of his salary, which is little more than 200l. sterling a year. He purposes, before his final departure, to pass a few days at Bath. We cannot avoid observing, that if the state of Mr. Bartolozzi's fortune is such as to require the aid of a patronizing government, it would be a gratification to every englishman, that he should have been indebted for that assistance solely to the country of which he has so many years been the ornament.

If, however, his departure is a matter of choice, we sincerely wish he may meet with encouragement equal to what he has experienced from the British nation.

Epitome of Natural History.

No. 3.

THE MARTIN.

MR. Daniel, in his elegant book, on rural sports, lately published, gives us the following account of this creature. It is, says he, the most beautiful, and the most destructive to pheasants, of the British beasts of prey; the martin is about eighteen inches long, the tail ten, or if measured to the end of the hair at the point, where it is also the thickest and darkest,

twelve inches; the head is small, and elegantly shaped, the eyes are lively, and all its motions agile and graceful; the ears are broad, rounded, and open; the back, sides, and tail, are covered with a fine thick ash-coloured down at bottom, with long hair intermixed, of a bright chesnut, tipt with black, giving a darkish brown appearance to the whole; the head brown, with a slight cast of red, the legs and upper side of the feet chocolate, the under sides are covered with similar thick down, to the body; the feet are broad, the claws white, large, and sharp, but incapable of being at pleasure sheathed or dilated; they are well suited for climbing trees, in which in this country it constantly resides; the throat and breast are white, the belly of the same colour with the back, except being rather paler, but martins vary in their colours, inclining more or less to ash-colour, according to their age, or the seasons of the year they are taken in.

The skin and excrements of this animal have an agreeable musky scent, and are free from that disgusting rankness, which distinguishes the other species of this genus, as the polecat, &c. the fur is valuable, and much used to line or trim the gowns of magistrates, aldermen, &c. The Martin lives in the woods, aud in winter very often shelters itself in Magpies nests, breeds in the hollows of trees, and brings from four to six young ones at a time; they are brought forth with their eyes unopened, but quickly arrive at a state of perfection; the female has but a small quantity of milk in pro-

portion to her size, but she amply compensates for this natural defect, by bringing home eggs and live birds to her offspring, thus early habituating them to a life of carnage and plunder; so soon as the young are able to leave the nest, they are led by the dam through the woods, where the birds at once recognize their enemies and fail not to attend them, as they do the fox, with every mark of animosity and terror. When taken young, the Martin is easily tamed, is extremely playful and good humoured, its attachment however is not to be relied on if it gets loose, for it will immediately take advantage of its liberty, and retire to the woods, its natural haunts. A farmer in the parish of Terling, in Essex, was famous for taming this animal, and had seldom less than two. Some years since, one used to run tame about the kitchen of the Bald-faced Stag Inn, on Epping Forest.

M. Buffon affirms of a Martin that he had tamed (it should seem but imperfectly), that it drank frequently, sometimes slept two days successively, at other times continued as long awake; when preparing for sleep, it folded itself round, covering its head with its tail. He describes its motions as so violent, incessant, and troublesome, that it was necessarily kept chained. After escaping from its fetters, and returning once or twice, it at last went entirely away.

The pine Martin, (whose skins are considered of a far superior quality to the common,) which is distinguished by a yellow throat and

breast, and of which such numbers are sold at the Hudson's Bay Company's sales; (at one of which 12,370 good skins, and 2,360 damaged ones were sold, and about the same time the French brought into the port of Rochelle, from Canada, no less than 30,325 skins;) is sometimes found in Wales, in the counties of Merioneth and Carnarvon, and in Scotland it is the only kind of martin, where it inhabits the fir forests, frequently usurping the *drays*, or nest of the squirrel, building its own nest at the top of the trees, and produces seven or eight young at a birth.

The martin's food is poultry, game, and small birds; it will eat mice, rats, and moles, and is said to feed also on grain, and to be exceedingly fond of honey. It is said to be a great enemy to cats, and will even attack the wild cat, which, although much stronger, is always worsted, and often killed in the combat, and a contest is sure to take place whenever they meet.

The scent of the martin is very sweet to hounds, and it is the best animal to enter young fox-hounds at. The martin, by running the thickest bushes it can find, teaches hounds to run cover, which is of infinite service to them; when closely pursued, it climbs a tree, and its agility is astonishing, for though it falls frequently from a tree into the midst of a pack of hounds, each intent on catching it, the instances are very few of a martin's being caught by them in that situation.

The British Traveller.

NO. 6.

IN our last (page 136), the scene of our observations was in Egypt, which were no less curious than singular, and which will be concluded in the following number. Our artist having furnished us with an assemblage of portraits and head-dresses of our own fair countrywomen, we return from that remote quarter of the globe to the pleasurable task of reporting the prevailing fashions of the beautiful British females for the present month. In our future numbers, also, it shall be our business to exhibit the various changes that may take place in this respect among the fair sex, which, we trust, will be found a new and agreeable feature in the MONTHLY VISITOR.

LONDON FASHIONS.

For Full Dress.—A petticoat of flesh-coloured sarsenet, with one of white crape over it; a jacket of white crape, with flesh-coloured sleeves, considerably above the elbow, and a loose drapery of crape round the shoulder; the extremities of every part of the dress surrounded by a border of leaves painted in lilac. A hat of white sattin, turned up in front, with a button and loop, ornamented with a white willow feather falling over the crown of it.

For a Walking Dress.—A grey sarsenet loose great-coat, trimmed with white fur, and ornamented with a cross lacing of white ribbon over the bosom, and white bows all down the front. A bonnet of pale blue velvet, made to sit over

Fashionable British Females.

the face, and trimmed round the edge with broad white lace, to be ornamented with a sprig of wheat on the left side.

General Remarks.—The waists are becoming extremely short. Lace is universally worn. The arms are left bare considerably above the elbows, and black lace gloves come half-way up the arm. The dresses are worn short, and mostly without trains. Light Parisian silks are in great request; the colours are usually flesh-coloured or grey, but left chiefly at the fancy of the wearer.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The present prevailing colours are marigold, jonquil, rose, and dark red. Some of the fashionables wear black velvet hats, trimmed with bands of satin jonquil; others wear rose-coloured satin: some wear the hats entirely of marigold-coloured velvet, and plain; some have them of spotted velvet, lilac-coloured velvet, or of dark red satin. Their shape is either oval and pressed flat to the head, or, like the hats of last summer, they are cut close to the neck, and project very far in front, forming a right angle with the ears; sometimes this projection is turned up in front. We still observe hoods entirely formed of spotted ribbands, sewed together so as to imitate stuff.—For full dress, turbans, and head-dresses without caps, are equally the rage. Sometimes their form is round, and sometimes oval. Our most elegant women prefer them with foil; their veils are also trimmed with foil.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTION TO OUR LAST NUMBER.

REBUS.

May, Oliver, Rewbell, Rogue, Oysterwench, Wedge, Morrow.

REBUS.

(To be answered in our next.)

FOR me a noted Siddons acts
In tragic scenes her parts,
And by her matchless powers wounds
The feelings of each heart.

For me doth Barrymore, likewise,
In comic scenes engage,
And ridicules with satire keen
The follies of the age.

For me the sons of wit refin'd
In scribbling oft engage,
And oft from morn till eve peruse
The dark mysterious page.

For me their word some falsify,
And oft betray their trust,
And sometimes actions will perform
Most cruel and unjust.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1802.

THE SAPLING.

WRITTEN BY MR. DIBDIN,

And sung by him in his new Entertainment, at Sans Souci, called "Most Votes."

1.

IN either eye a lingering tear,
His love and duty well to prove,
Jack left his wife and children dear,
Impell'd by honor and by love;
And as he loiter'd, wrapt in care,
A sapling in his hand he bore,
Curiously carv'd, in letters fair—
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

2.

At leisure to behold his worth,
Tokens, and rings, and broken gold,
He plung'd the sapling firm in earth,
And o'er and o'er his treasure told;
The letters spelt, the kindness trac'd,
And all affection's precious store,
Each with the favorite motto grac'd,
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

3.

While on this anxious task employ'd,
Tender remembrance all his care,
His ears are suddenly annoy'd—
The boatswain's whistle cleaves the air:
'Tis duty calls, his nerves are brac'd,
He rushes to the crowded shore,
Leaving the sapling, in his haste,
That bids him love for evermore.

4.

The magic branch, thus unreclaim'd,
Far off at sea, no comfort near,
His thoughtless haste he loudly blam'd,
With many a sigh and many a tear;
Yet why act this unmanly part?
The words the precious relic bore,
Are they not mark'd upon my heart—
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

5.

Escap'd from treacherous waves and winds,
That three years he had felt at sea,
A wondrous miracle he finds—
The sapling is become a tree!
A goodly head that graceful rears,
Enlarg'd the trunk, enlarg'd the core,
And on the rind enlarg'd appears
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

6.

While gazing on the spell-like charms
Of this most wonderful of trees,
His Nancy rushes to his arms,
His children cling about his knees.
Increas'd in love, increas'd in size,
Taught from the mother's tender store,
Each little urchin lisping cries,
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

7.

Amazement seiz'd the admiring crowd;
" My children," cried a village seer,
" These signs, tho' mute, declare aloud
The hand of Providence is here—
Whose hidden, yet whose sure decrees,
For those its succour who implore,
Can still the tempest, level seas,
And crown true love for evermore."

LINES

WRITTEN ON A PERSON DESCENDING NEAR HARROW IN AN AIR BALLOON.

SHOULD the whim take to ride in air-stuff'd pillions,
'Twill ruin quite our coachmen and postillions,
Who, if men travel in these strange sky-rockets,
Will quickly find their loss in empty pockets;
And most of them, I fear, must quite despair,
Like new philosophers, to live on air.
The scheme's not quite novel, for, by the bye,
I long have thought our gentry meant to fly,
Tho' hitherto content, instead of wings,
With four stout horses and four easy springs;
But now the case is alter'd, for depend on't,
If flying once comes up, there'll be no end on't.
Our grandfathers were pleas'd, poor tender souls!
To waft a sigh from Indus so the poles;
But our enlighten'd age a way discovers,
Instead of sighs, to waft substantial lovers:
Montgolfier's silk shall Cupid's wings supply,
And swift as thought convey them thro' the sky.
Nor will their travels be to earth confin'd,
They'll quickly leave this tardy globe behind;

Posting to Gretna-green, you've lately seen us,
The ton will soon be to elope to Venus.
Hot-headed rivals now shall steer their cars,
To fight their desperate duels undisturb'd in Mars;
While gentler Damons, in the rhiming fit,
Shall fly to little Mercury for wit,
"John, fill the large balloon," my lady cries,
"I want to take an airing in the skies!"
Nimbly she mounts her light machine, and in it
To Jupiter's convey'd in half a minute,
Views his broad belt, and steals a pattern from it,
Then stoops to warm her fingers at a comet;
The concert of the spheres she next attends,
Hears half an overture, and then descends.
Trade, too, as well as love and dissipation,
Shall profit by this airy navigation;
Herschel shall now with telescopes provide us,
Just fresh imported from the Georgium Sidus;
Smart milliners shall croud the air balloon,
To bring new fashions weekly from the moon;
Gard'ners in shoals from Battersea shall run,
To raise their kindlier hotbeds in the sun;
And all our city fruitshops, in a trice,
From Saturn daily be supply'd with ice;
Albion once more her drooping head shall rear,
And ryll her thunders thro' each distant sphere,
While led by future heroes, British tars
Shall pluck new honors from the twinkling stars!

TO HIM WHO SAYS HE LOVES.

YOU tell me me that you truly love—
Ah! know you well what love does mean?
Does neither whim nor fancy move
The raptures of your transient dream?

Tell me, when absent, do you think
O'er every look, o'er every sigh?
Do you in melancholy sink,
And doubt, and fear, you know not why?

Do you, when near her, die to say,
How much you love, you cannot tell?
Does a look melt your soul away,
A touch your nerves with transport swell?

Could you, for her, fame, wealth despise,
In poverty and toil feel blest,
Drink sweet delusion from her eyes,
Or smile at ruin on her breast?

The charms of every other fair,
With coldness, could you learn to view?
Fondly unchang'd to her repair,
With transports ever young and new?

And tell me, at her loss or hate,
Would death your only refuge prove?—
Ah! if in aught you hesitate,
Coward! you dare not say you love!

ROSA MATILDA.

LINES ON THE LATE PLENTIFUL HARVEST.

BY A LADY.

HAIL, bounteous Author of autumnal shores!
All-gracious Power, hail! Thou kindly bid'st
The fertile earth her amplest blessings yield,
To foster man. Nature obedient, yields
Her tender care, and gladly scatters round
Her bearded heaps.—Thou speak'st, and all is good!
Resplendent beauties gild Apollo's face,

And nightly dews refreshing powers send,
On ev'ry single blade new beauties grow;
Innum'rous charms still deck yon painted lawn,
And hills, and fields, and vales, all laugh their joy!
The blithsome shepherd tends his fleecy care,
And joins his faithful mate, to lodge them safe.
The loaded wain with fullest sheaves is seen;
In golden pride glad Ceres mounts her car,
Enrob'd with poppies and adorn'd with corn.
The jocund swains now hail the coming eve,
Which ushers in its last and high-topp'd heap,
And loud huzzas proclaim their harvest done.
The pleased master joins the rustic band,
And chearfully rewards their well-earn'd toil.
The eve announc'd they annually seek,
Each gladsome swain and blithsome lass prepares,
With smiles unsullied and with charms unbought,
To join the festive throng. The corn-crown'd goddess
Gives approving smiles, and viands smoke
On yon abundant board; the rural'lord
The large libation pours in gen'rous jug,
And shining tankard bright, the nut-brown ale,
By lib'ral autumn sent: while mirth and song,
And sport go round—and all is harmony!
Be gentle, Sirs, and scatter blessings forth
To lab'rers poor—to you they humbly look,
Thro' poverty's thatch'd roof! Think how gracious,
Kind, and good thy God's to thee!—who fills thy
Barns, and clothes thy fields, thy coffers fills,
And gives thy cattle health, and heart, and strength.
Shield then thy brother poor, and give him rest:
So shall the earth renew her blessings rich,
Thy woodlands flourish, and thy orchards glow,
And annual treasures all thy gran'ries crown!

THE YOUNG FARMER.

A PARODY.

TO plough, or not to plough?—that is the question;
Whether to fret and brood o'er my dismission
From the proud eminence I lately fill'd,
Or dig for treasures in the womb of earth,
And thus to raise supplies? To plough—to sow—
To fatten on the farmer's ample gains,
And thus enjoy th' enormous market prices
My measures have produc'd? To plough, to sow?
To sow! perchance not reap!—aye, there's the rub!
For if unable to instil the seed,
Howe'er prolific be the soil, I never
Can ought expect to rise but weeds and thistles;
So this, like all my plans, may prove abortive!
Then, should the dreams of wild ambition come,
Now I have shuffled off the statesman's coil,
There I must pause.—There's the respect
That makes insipid agricult'ral life.
For who would trudge after the heavy plough,
Or thresh from morn to night, the live-long day—
Who'd run the risk of seasons and of markets,
That at one grasp could seize the golden stores
Of rich Threadneedle's street? Who would sow the ground,
If he could treasures form of worn-out rags—
But dread that to the Premier's high estate
He never may return, puzzles the will,
And makes him rather labour at his farm,
And eat his humble meal off oaken board,
Than 'tempt to storm the treas'ry's massy gates?
Thus it is prudent to lay by a while,
'Till a weak minister again shall drive
The nation into war, and quit the helm,

Unable to direct the affairs of state;
Then, like a second Cincinnatus, Pitt
Shall from his plough once more be brought to govern!

THE POST CAPTAIN.

WRITTEN BY AN OFFICER IN THE NAVY.

And sung with deserved applause by Mr. Incledon.

WHEN Steerwell heard me first impart
Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
Swell'd high with naval glory—
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin-boy on board the Fame,
He would hold on the jigger;
While ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing, Yo heave hoe, &c.

To hand top-gallant sails next he learn'd,
With quickness, care, and spirit,
Whose generous master then discern'd
And priz'd his rising merit;
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
When storms convuls'd the ocean,
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
Which mark'd him for promotion;
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command hard-a-port, helm-a-lee,
Luff, boy, luff, keep her near,
Clear the buoy, make the pier, &c.

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
The foe he oft defeated,
And now with fame and fortune crown'd,
Post Captain he is rated;
Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
Still bravely would defend her.—
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
He'll prove his heart as tender;
Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe.
Wounded tars share his wealth,
All the fleet drink his health;
Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to show
To a brave conquer'd foe.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(Not inserted in his Works.)

WITH lovely pearl the western sky
Is glowing far and wide,
And yon light golden clouds that fly
So slowly side by side;
The deepening tints, the arch of light,
E'en I with rapture see;
And sigh and bless the charming sight
That lures my love from me.

O, hill, that shad'st the valley here,
Thou bear'st on thy green brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.

Full in the crimson light I see,
Above thy summit rise
My Edward's form: he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

Descend, my love, the hour is come,
Why linger on the hill?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
But thou canst see him still.
Yet why a lonely wand'rer stray,
Alone the joy pursue?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary too.

O Edward! when we stroll'd along,
Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
And bless'd the dewy morn;
To thy fond words my heart replied,
(My presence then could move,)
"How sweet, with Mary by my side,
To gaze and talk of love:"

Thou art not false—that cannot be—
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence, and the stream.
If these, my love, detain thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay;
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou—
We'll brush the dews away.

Literary Review.

An Attempt towards revising our English Translation of the Greek Scriptures, or the New Covenant of Jesus Christ, and towards illustrating the sense, by philological and explanatory Notes. In a large 8vo Vols. By William Newcome, D. D. Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and Archbishop of Armagh.

THIS truly learned and worthy prelate, lately deceased, was well known for certain religious publications, which were happily adapted to extend the empire of knowledge and charity. His *Harmony of the Gospels*, his *Observations on the History of Christ*, and his *Attempt towards a new Version of Ezekiel and the minor Prophets*, have raised him to eminence in the christian world.

The present performance seems to have been executed with great care and attention. He wishes not to deviate from the old translation, except in cases of absolute necessity. Herein we praise him. We are so impressed with that to which we have been long accustomed, that

it is almost impossible to get rid of such impressions. Nor can our common version of the bible be mended, but in certain passages, where the sense is mistaken, or very obscurely expressed. Such passages ought to be altered; for at present they only give an handle to enthusiasts to impose on the credulity of mankind, and thus strengthen the hands of infidelity. We are therefore much pleased with the translation before us. Indeed, as the whole of the bible has been, in the course of a few years past, translated by different hands, it would be an easy task to revise our common version, and, by such an emendation, we should be rendering an essential service to the cause of pure and genuine christianity. Truth can have no interest in misrepresentation; she must be suffered to unfold all her charms, before she can bring into subjection the hearts and consciences of mankind.

Notes on the Bible, by the late Rev. Charles Bulkley. Published from the Author's MS. In 3 large 8vo Vols. With Memoirs of the Author and his Writings, by Joshua Toulmin, D. D.

MR. CHARLES BULKLEY was grandson of the pious Matthew Henry; and, educated under Doddridge, he became distinguished for his learning and piety. His life was of a literary cast, and his many productions were far beyond mediocrity. He died turned of *seventy*, in the year 1797; and from his funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. John Evans, the particu-

lars of his life, accompanying these volumes, are chiefly extracted.

These *Notes* are illustrative of certain passages of scripture, and display an extensive course of reading. To ministers and students of divinity, and indeed to all who are desirous of understanding the scripture, the work must prove acceptable. Dr. Toulmin has prefixed an interesting piece of biography. In the character of editor, also, he has acquitted himself with his usual ability. The passages from the Latin and Greek are translated with fidelity.

Animal Biography; or, Anecdotes of the Lives, Manners, and Economy of the Animal Creation, arranged according to the system of Linnæus. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A. B. Fellow of the Linnean Society, and late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. In 3 Vols.

AT the quaintness of the title the reader will probably smile; but we must not on this account turn away from a work which, on the score of its importance and variety of its contents, demands our attention. Nothing can be more entertaining than natural history, in all its ramifications. With eagerness, therefore, we take up every production which is adapted to illustrate the works of God.

The first volume embraces *quadrupeds;* the second, *quadrupeds* and *birds;* the third, *amphibious animals, fishes, insects,* and *worms.* The information respecting them may be depended upon; and particulars are adduced which con-

tribute to entertainment. In a short, but well-written preface, the author mentions that he has ranged through an extensive collection of books, and lays his claim to public patronage on the score of utility.

Parental Education, or, Domestic Lessons; a miscellany for youth. By Edward A. Kendal, Esq.

IT has been often and justly remarked, that this age has been distinguished for its care to instruct and improve the rising generation. Prospects of reformation therefore are indulged, and we trust the hopes raised will be abundantly realised.

Among the many things which have been written for youth, the present is deserving of notice for its ease and simplicity. The tales are told in a manner capable of producing an impression on younger minds. There is also considerable variety. It is to be wished that parents took more care of their children before they are sent to school. They would then be better prepared for the lessons of the master, and profit in a greater degree by his instructions. *Parental education* would thus be carried on with success, and the world would make a sensible progress in its reformation.

The Passions taught by Truth, an allegorical Poem. By Thomas Beck.

WE have seldom perused a poem of this size and complexion with more pleasure. The idea

which predominates throughout the whole is an excellent one, and may indeed lay claim to a degree of originality. To young persons of every description the publication cannot fail of proving acceptable, by the importance of the contents, and the agreeable manner in which it is executed. The passions, by which human life is so frequently agitated and disturbed, are faithfully depicted; whilst the instructions delivered by truth, not pressed into the disputes of any party, are entitled to special attention. The author has employed different kinds of metre, according to the nature of his subject, with admirable dexterity. The sound thus adapted to the sense, must generate a more lasting impression. The two concluding stanzas will impart to our readers some idea of the work:—

Then, with meek and chearful face,
Index of a soul sincere,
Cloath'd with modesty and grace,
TRUTH's own votaries drew near:
Some there were of ev'ry name,
Some belong'd to ev'ry time,
Some from ev'ry station came,
Some from ev'ry sect and clime:

High and low, and rich and poor;
Mean and mighty, young and old;
Some enrich'd with learning's store,
Some with minds of humblest mould:
But the *whole* harmonious throng,
Echoing far from hill and dale,
Join'd in *one triumphant* song,
TRUTH IS GREAT, AND SHALL PREVAIL!

We understand that the author means to publish a *volume of poems* by subscription. We wish him success. His poetical talents are calculated to promote the diffusion of knowledge, virtue, and piety.

English Grammar, adapted to the different Classes of Learners. With an Appendix, containing Rules and Observations for assisting the more advanced Students to write with perspicuity and accuracy. By Lindley Murray. Eighth Edition, with considerable Improvements.

IT will be quite sufficient merely to announce a *new* and *improved edition* of this well known and truly excellent grammar. It deserves every possible circulation, on account of its neatness and real utility.

Geography, for the Use of Schools and Young Persons in general, illustrated with fifty Plates. By the Rev. J. Goldsmith.

THIS thick and full-sized volume contains of course a vast variety of particulars relating to our globe; but the plates, which render it so very expensive, are not only executed in an inferior manner, but have not the merit of conveying an adequate idea of the subjects for which they are intended. Having made use of lesser treatises by way of introduction, the present performance may be read with some profit. Elementary books, however, should be first studied, before we attempt to

perplex the young mind by a multiplicity of subjects, which, however entertaining, the pupil may not be able to comprehend. The human eye gradually opens on the chearful light of day.

The Farmer's Boy, a Novel. In 4 Vols. By Miss Gunning, Author of "Love at first Sight," "Gypsy Countess," &c. In 4 Vols.

THE multitude of novels issuing from the press affords a fascinating variety to novel-readers of every description. That the majority of them are either pernicious or insipid, may be easily conceived; and it is with us a matter of regret that there should be such a constant demand for them, since the historic page is much more conducive to improvement. However, we would by no means be understood to condemn all novels; there are many well written and instructive publications of this kind, and among which the *Farmer's Boy* must be reckoned. With several parts of the narrative we were pleased; and we are of opinion, that the present performance will not detract from that reputation which the fair writer has acquired on former occasions. In the present production, she evinces a perfect acquaintance with genteel life, in which she has been brought up from her childhood.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR NOVEMBER, 1802.

SWITZERLAND, which we mentioned with serious regret in our last miscellany, has submitted to the French arms; we were fearful of it, and our fears are now realized. Indeed it was impossible that they should succeed against such a formidable power: but we trusted that the French nation, who have made so much clamour for liberty, would have been ashamed of their conduct. The papers also assure us that the poor Swiss are disarmed, the patriots confined, and they seem destined to crouch beneath an unrelenting tyranny. "O, liberty! how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" was the exclamation of the celebrated Madame Roland, when conducted to the scaffold.

As to FRANCE herself, nothing has occurred worthy of notice, except the circumstance of Bonaparte visiting several parts of the kingdom. The addresses are of the most adulatory kind—given and received with equal avidity.

At HOME, the new imperial parliament has opened, after a gracious speech from the throne. His Majesty expresses his desire of perpetuating the peace, though he at the same time intimates the propriety of doing every

thing necessary for our protection.* In both houses there were considerable debates respecting the termination of the late lamentable contest. Though some seem desirous of re-commencing a war with the French republic, yet by far the majority were unanimous in their opinion that peace was a blessing of inestimable value, and that it would be the height of madness again to involve in hostilities our beloved country.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR NOVEMBER, 1802.

6. DR. Henry Hunter, so well known in the literary and religious world, was interred in Bunhill fields, amidst a large concourse of people, who were desirous of paying this last tribute of respect to his memory. He was a man of exquisite talents and great sociability of temper. His loss will not be easily repaired. Besides his translations of Lavater, St. Pierre, and Sonnini, he will, by means of his Sacred Biography, instruct and delight future generations.

8. A man named Richard Neale found means to gain admittance into Buckingham

* We think it would be superfluous to go further into detail with respect to the king's speech, it having been copied into the public prints these several days past.

House. The porter, on seeing him, asked his name. He replied, it was David, son of Jesse, and that he wanted to know if the family had any commands for him. He said he was come to be made a prince, and thence to be elected lord mayor, king of the city.—Having been taken before Sir R. Ford, and examined, it appeared he was a native of Birmingham, and a japanner by trade; but being proved insane, he was lodged in Tothill-fields Bridewell.

9. The new lord mayor, Mr. Alderman Price, went to and from Westminster with the usual formalities of state on these occasions. The day was fine, and the appearance on the water was charming. Many eminent characters attended the dinner at Guildhall, and in the evening the ball was conducted with spirit and activity.

10. The body of Mr. Steele, lavender distiller, Catherine-street, Strand, was found wretchedly mangled on Hounslow-heath. He appears to have been murdered on the Saturday before, with circumstances of aggravated cruelty. The perpetrators of the deed are not yet found, but diligent search is making after them.

12. According to certain sports and incantations, described by the poet Burns, a girl at Edinburgh went out in the evening to sow her hemp-seed, in opposition to the remonstrances of her master. She was determined to *see something*, and accordingly went to gather up the seed, that she might sow it a second time! She then fancied she saw a tall meagre figure;

shrieked aloud, ran into the house, and after telling what she saw, went to bed, placing the *Bible* under her head. Her fright, however, brought on an apoplexy, of which she died. What a pity that in so enlightened an age means are not taken to cure the lower classes of these remains of superstition.

16. Colonel Despard, and forty persons, chiefly soldiers and mechanics, were seized by the police officers, at the Oakley Arms, Oakley-street, Lambeth. They are charged with treasonable practices, and are lodged in several prisons. Despard himself is committed for trial, and it is supposed will be arraigned for attempting to seduce the military from their allegiance—a crime which, by a late act of parliament, has been made felony. Many rumours were circulated respecting this strange business. Time only can satisfactorily develope it.

20. A most cruel robbery was committed at Bermondsey, about 7 in the evening, by three footpads. Having struck Mr. S. down with a bludgeon, after he had peaceably given them his money, they left him for dead! No punishment can be too severe for such wanton and vicious cruelty.

23. His Majesty went in state this day to the House of Peers, where he opened, with the usual solemnities, the first session of the new imperial parliament.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

LUKE HODGSON, Cow-lane, Saint Sepulchre, London, apothecary. Samuel Cawthorne, York, grocer. William Harrison the younger, Newport-street, commission agent broker. Bartholomew Schotel, Mansionhouse-street, merchant. David Etherington, York, merchant. Matthew Haynes, late of Newington, Surrey, haberdasher. David Jones, Commerce-row, Surrey, baker. Curwen Gale, Tower-hill, merchant. Thomas Gilman, Norwich, linen draper. William Gill, late of Wakefield, Yorkshire, ironmonger. John Miller, Abbey, Cumberland, grocer. Solomon Salomonson, News-street, Bishopsgate-street, London, merchant. Henry Ercks, Gloucester, sugar-refiner. Michael Cockerell, Walpole, Suffolk, shopkeeper. Thomas Lang, Liverpool, merchant. William Prosser, Back-hill. Hatton-garden, Middlesex, white-smith. Robert Peach, Wakefield, Yorkshire. woolstapler. James Vincent, Wapping-wall, cheesemonger. Wm. Lake, Bishopsgate-street, London, merchant. William Treppass, St. Martin's-le-Grand, Middlesex, bookseller. Wiliam Clark, Newport, Isle of Wight, perfumer. John King, Portland-place, Middlesex, banker and merchant. Charles Sandoz, late of Richmond-buildings, Soho, watch-maker. Thomas True, Stamford, Lincoln, draper and haberdasher. William Champion, now or late of Worksop, Nottingham, common-brewer. Wm. Dring and David Dring, Brightelmstone, shopkeepers. Samuel Levy, King-street, Tower-hill, slopseller

and salesman. Thomas Blunt, Godalming, Surrey, money-scrivener. John Chapman, Yarmouth, linen-draper. Mary Dulhuntz and Ann Baker, Sackville-street, milliners. Isaac Ribeiro Furtado, South-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. Thomas Chaplin, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. Alexander Osbaldeston, Bruton-street, Middlesex, worsted-man. Richard Twiss, Upper Titchfield-street, Mary-le-bone, paper manufacturer. Henry Seymour, Maidenhead, Berks, coal merchant. John Sutcliffe, late of York, chymist. William Bennett, Greenfield-street, Mile-end, Middlesex, merchant. James Askew Leach, Jewry-street. wine and brandy merchant. John Smith, Wakefield, York, hatter. Charles Welsborne, Evesham, Worcester, grocer. James Craik, Union-court, Broad-street, insurance-broker. Thomas Willias and William Pondered, Little Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, tin plate-workers. Richard Spencer, Liverpool, merchant. Joseph Heywood and Joseph Cotteril, Bromley-park, Staffordshire, farmers. John Wimpenny, Elland, Yorshire, inn-keeper. Robert Leplastrier, Holywell-street, potatoe dealer. Joseph Ward, Brentwood, Essex, publican. Amy Button, late of Reading, innkeeper. Henry Bird, Clifton, Gloucestershire, shoemaker. Francis Brogi, Thanet-place, Strand, Italian merchant. Joseph Bennet, late of Blackman-street, Newington, Surrey, carpenter. James Rawlins, Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, hardwareman. John Stanley, Weatheroak-hill, King's-Norton, Worcestershire, farmer. Daniel Sheldon, Banner-street, St. Luke, and of Wood-street, warehouseman (now a prisoner in the Fleet). Thomas White, White-yard, Rosemary lane, cooper. James Coysgarne Hill, Lombard street, jeweller. George Lukin and William Neve, London, merchants. Phineas Barratt, Strand,

goldsmith and jeweller. William Fowler, late of Shefford, Bedford, coal and liquor merchant. Daniel Mills, Liverpool, merchant. William Turner, late of Floor, Northampton, baker. Joseph Moyser and George Beal, Sutton-upon-Derwent, York, millers. Michael Curtis and James Henry Alexander Scott, late of Watling street, wine and brandy merchants. James Ball, Taunton, Somerset, hawker. William Fowler, late of Shefford, Bedford, and Matthew Samuel Haynes, late of Greville-street, Hatton garden, merchants and insurance brokers. Thomas Stretch, late of Grafton street, St. Pancras, grocer. William Hambly, Falmouth and of Great Bell alley, Coleman-street, merchant. James Hore, Inner Temple, scrivener. John Bird, Park-street, Hanover square, butcher. Mark Paget, late of Finsbury place, grocer.

BIRTH.

ON the 30th of October, the lady of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Charles Aynsley, of a daughter, at his lordship's seat, Littlebarle-tower, Northumberland.

MARRIAGES.

AT Patcham, near Brighton, a few weeks ago, a couple entered into the holy bands of wedlock, whose ages added together amount to 140 years, the bride being 65, and the bridegroom 75. The bridegroom received his bride from the hand of a person aged 65, and the bridemaid is on the wrong side of 60. This fond pair appeared highly delighted with their

new situation, and in the evening gave a handsome nuptial festival at their residence at Withdean.

Lately, at Holdby, a young man, a sailor, to a girl of that place. Soon after the marriage ceremony had commenced, the bridegroom abruptly interrupted it by declaring that he did not care how much better his wife might turn out, but he had predetermined, if ever she grew worse, to dispose of her as soon as he could, and would tell no lies in church about it. No argument could prevail on him to plight his troth till the father engaged to take her home, and love and cherish her for her husband, in case she really grew worse after marriage.

A few days ago, at Cheeton, near Bridgnorth, Mr. Edward Dalloway, of Tedstill, aged near 70, to the much-admired Miss Clinton, of Billingsley, aged 16.

Lately, at Hull, Mr. Willauby Shepherd, of that town, to Mrs. Forster, of Sutton, whose united ages make 153. The bride was attended to church by upwards of 30 grand-children.

DEATHS.

On Friday, Nov. 19, in the 68th year of his age, after a short illness, Mr. Sewell, bookseller of Cornhill, respected and regretted by all who knew him. If "an honest man's the noblest work of God," such an one was John Sewell, who, with some harmless eccentricities, possessed a mind and spirit of which the energy and value could only be duly estimated by those

who were admitted to his familiar acquaintance. His shop was the well-known resort of the first mercantile characters in the city, who were used there to feel more of the freedom and ease of their own parlours than the restrictions of a house of trade; yet such was the effect of long established method, that perhaps in all London a shop could not be named in which so much business was daily transacted with so little trouble or ostentation. Mr. Sewell succeeded Mr. Brotherton in the same house wherein he died, and was, we believe, the oldest bookseller in London. He possessed, besides his professional judgment of books, a tolerable knowledge of mechanics (particularly of ship-building), understood the nature and properties of timber, and was the founder and most zealous promoter of a society for the improvement of naval architecture. He was also the occasion of a most beneficial improvement being made some years ago in Cornhill, a place which had sustained prodigious losses by conflagrations. Finding that a difficulty of gaining a ready supply of water was in most cases the cause of the mischief extending, he conceived the idea of a tank, or reservoir, to be laid under the coach pavement of the street, which being always kept full of water, is a perpetual and ready resource in case of fire happening in that vicinity. In proof of his loyalty and public spirit, we need only say, that he was one of the first supporters, and named on the first committee, of the Loyal Association at the Crown and Anchor, in 1792, by the operation and influence of which the na-

tion was preserved from the ruinous efforts of republicans and levellers: and when the kingdom was alarmed and confounded by the mutiny in our fleets, he drew up, and at his own expence circulated, "Proposals, in detail, for a Marine Voluntary Association, for manning in person the Channel Fleet, the ancient and natural Defence of Old England." The object, however, was happily rendered unnecessary by the return of our brave seamen to reason and their duty.—To say more of Mr. Sewell might seem superfluous; to have said less, had been injustice to his memory.

At ten o'clock on Friday, Oct. 22, Dr. Arnold departed this life, at his house in Duke-street, Westminster, after a long and painful illness. Of this event the public cannot be informed without feeling a considerable degree of regret. Few have contributed so largely to their amusement, and few English composers have composed so much and so well. The Maid of the Mill, the Agreeable Surprise, Inkle and Yarico, the Surrender of Calais, the Shipwreck, and Peeping Tom, will continue to delight as long as true harmony continues to charm. In the higher stile of composition his success was great, and the oratorio of the Cure of Saul, composed about 35 years ago, was considered to be the best production since the time of Handel. His Shunamite Woman, one of his latter productions, possesses all the genius of earlier composition, with that additional science which he had derived from study and experience.

Lately died, at Bath, W. Bell, formerly an eminent cutler, whose skill in grinding surgeons' instruments was noted through the whole kingdom. He was in many respects a most eccentric character, and outrageously patriotic; for when that god of his idolatry, John Wilkes, was condemned to two years durance in the King's Bench prison, Bell made a solemn oath that he would neither shave himself nor change his linen during that ignominious term; in which comfortable state he actually remained until two years expired, and he could again with truth exclaim—"Wilkes and Liberty!"

To Correspondents.

At the request of many of our correspondents, and perfectly agreeable to our own wishes, it is our intention in future to allot a greater portion of room to our Obituary, in order that we may be enabled to go more into detail, and record the most important particulars in this department of our work.—It is an improvement which, we trust, will receive the concurrence of our readers in general.

The communications of Insignis are come to hand, and shall be attended to.

As are also Edward and Emma.

The article from J. B. of Gravesend shall have a place in our next.

Mackenzie Sc.

MRS MONTAGUE.

Pub.d 1.st Oct.r 1783, by T. Harris, Piccadilly, Lond.n